EARTH FIRST!

LITHA EDITION

June 21, 1985 Vol. V, No. VI

THE *RADICAL* ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL TWO DOLLARS

ROAD FRENZY

Freddies Attack Roadless Areas With 75,000 Miles of New Roads

By Howie Wolke

Two hundred years ago several hundred thousand Grizzly bears roamed the forests, tundras, prairies, mountains and plains of what is now the western United States from the Pacific Ocean to the Mississippi River.

By the end of the 1800's, the Grizzly had all but disappeared from the Great Plains. The last reported Grizzly sighting (and killing) in Texas was in 1890; 1897 in North Dakota. In California, the last Grizzly seen was in 1924. By 1950, the great bear was restricted in range to the high and remote wilds of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and northeastern Washington. Today, a mere 600-700 bears remain, dwindling still, predominantly in the Greater Yellowstone and Glacier/Bob Marshall ecosystems, with only a handful of animals in the mountains of north central Idaho and extreme northwestern Montana.

The demise of the Grizzly in the lower 48 states has coincided — by no accident — with the demise of the American Wilderness. The Grizzly is the quintessential wilderness species; it cannot coexist with intensive agriculture, forestry, industrialization, or with civilization in general. It is not the only species dependent upon a predominantly wilderness environment. Wolves, mountain lions, lynx, black bear, bison, elk, bighorn sheep, jaguars and scores of other native species all either require or thrive most efficiently in a relatively undisturbed environment. Each road, clearcut, oil rig, uranium mine, subdivision, ski resort, or range "improvement" puts additional pressure on wild animals, threatening some with local or regional extinction, and effectively reducing the populations and thus limiting the genetic and evolutionary potential of nearly all indigenous species. Each new road built through wildlife habitat on our public lands further reduces the inherent biological diversity — often in many ways in which we cannot even begin to understand — and therefore the stability and the general health of a small portion of the planet.

The United States Forest Service, custodian of roughly 190 million acres of public lands, is on a road building binge. Amidst widespread charges of scandal and conspiracy, the green-shirted bureaucrats, goosestepping to the tune of multiple use, calmly go about their business of destroying much of the remaining unprotected American wilderness, largely by a *publicly financed, massive roadbuilding program*. Forest Service roadbuilding probably poses the greatest single threat to the natural environment of the United States of America today.

Forest roads are built for a variety of purposes: To gain access to timber stands, recreational sites, mines or drilling operations; to provide additional recreational access to designated Wilderness Areas (honest!); to eliminate roadless areas from Wilderness consideration; and to meet road mileage quotas and budgetary goals handed down from the Chief to his Regional Foresters, from Regional Foresters to Forest Supervisors, and from Supervisors to District Rangers. Most forest roads are built primarily for timber access.

Although some conservationists believe the Forest Service road building binge to be largely the result of a massive Reagan Administration conspiracy, the fact is that it is actually the result of three quarters of a century's bureaucratic growth in size. It is also the result of a mind-boggling array of complex laws and regulations, a flawed intra-agency promotional policy, a militaristic style and structure, an almost religious belief in the anthropocentric idea of "multiple use," decades of overcutting the most accessible and productive forest timber stands, and the generally (there are exceptions!) low quality indi-

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TREECLIMBING HERO

By Ron Huber

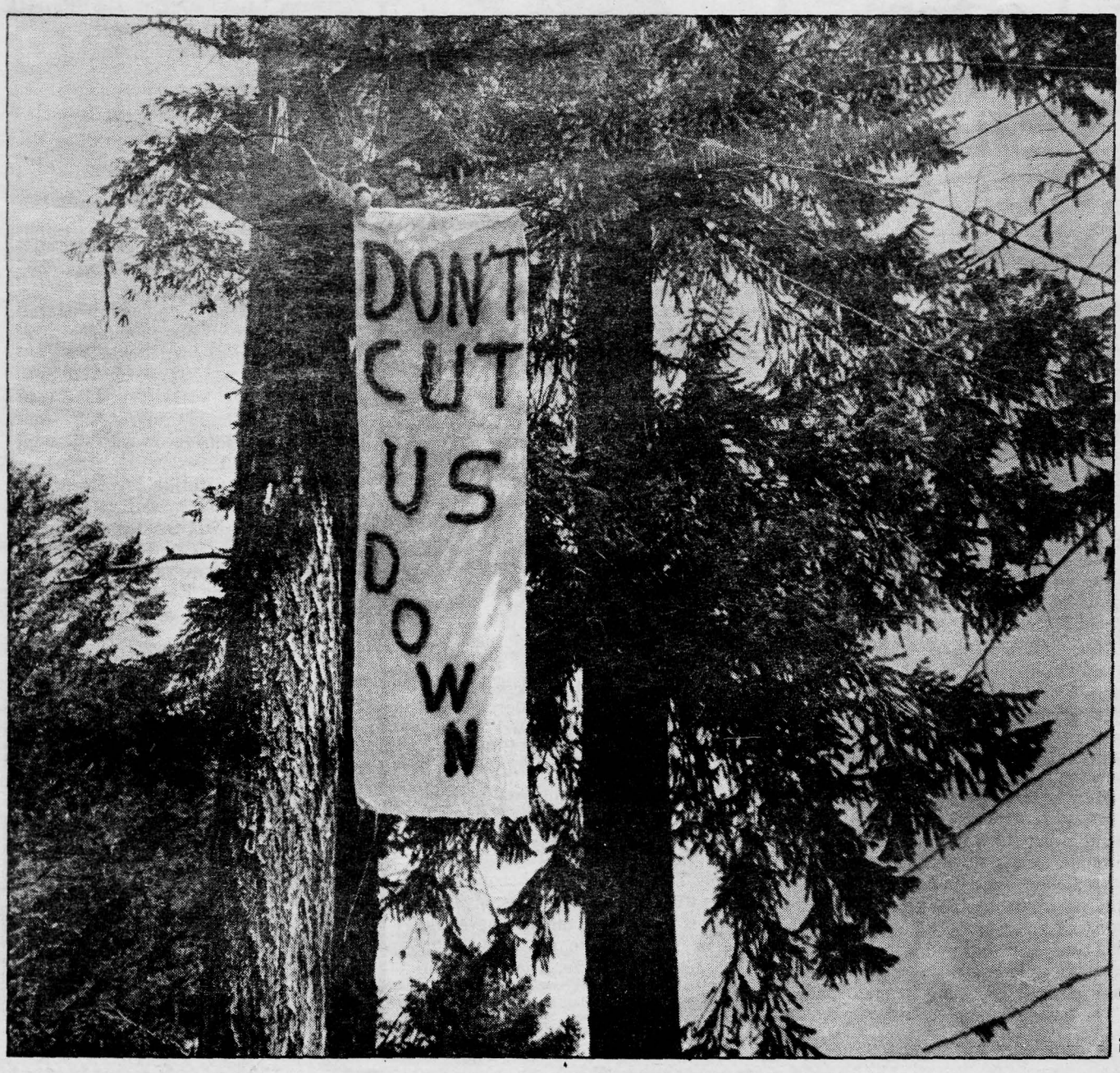

Photo: Jacqueline Moreau

Mike Jakubal unfurls banner 70 ft high in old growth tree in Middle Santiam.

We rumble up Forest Service Road 2041 in the predawn darkness, our van so overloaded that the front tires rasp against the undercarriage, scant miles from the Cutting Edge, where hungry saws will soon be ravaging the ancient forest near Pyramid Creek in the Middle Santiam.

"Move to the back of the van!" barks our driver. The eco-raiders in the front lunge on top of the rest of us in the rear until we are a warm crush of humanity, bug-eyed with adrenalinized fatigue, but drawing a certain comfort from the contact, now that the operation has finally begun.

The front tires cease their scraping noise — a good omen. On all sides the peaks and valleys of the Mid-Santiam are swathed in darkness. As we jounce along the poorly designed road which is already falling victim to slumping hillsides, no lights show in the whole region. The precipitous slopes, their trees slain and dismembered, their mosses and other understory plants dying from overexposure to solar radiation, no longer have the integrity to hold together and have begun flowing downhill.

A cold, hard knot of tension is in my gut as we approach the "closed area." (A travesty of words, for Kerrick, the Willamette National Forest Supervisor, had taken it upon himself to quash the Constitution — all but tree-killers and cops are ordered from the area, in that

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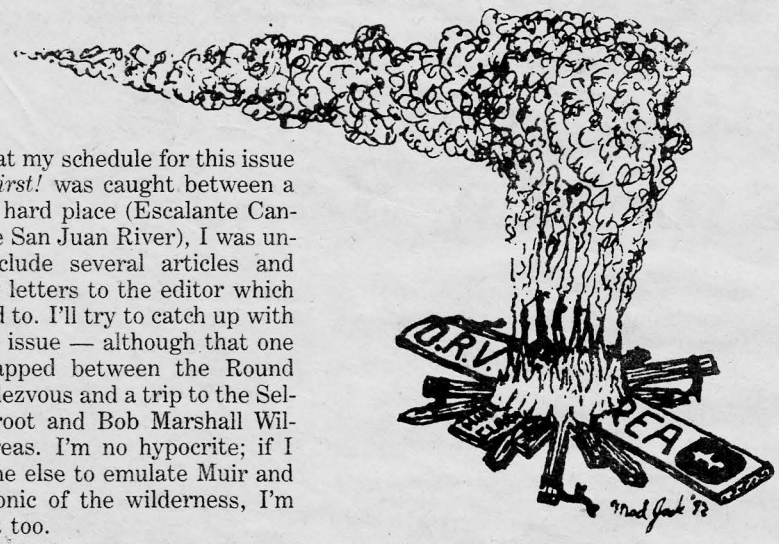
EARTH FIRST!

NO COMPROMISE IN THE DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH!

***Earth First!* Journal is published eight times a year.**
Subscription is $15 a year.
POB 5871 * TUCSON, ARIZONA 85703 * (602)622-1371

Around the Campfire



Given that my schedule for this issue of *Earth First!* was caught between a rock and a hard place (Escalante Canyon and the San Juan River), I was unable to include several articles and quite a few letters to the editor which I had hoped to. I'll try to catch up with the August issue — although that one will be trapped between the Round River Rendezvous and a trip to the Selway-Bitterroot and Bob Marshall Wilderness Areas. I'm no hypocrite; if I tell everyone else to emulate Muir and seek the tonic of the wilderness, I'm gonna do it too.

I continue to be inspired and impressed by the heroics of Oregon Earth First!. Mike Jakubal's tree sitting protest in the Middle Santiam was outstanding. I'm sure big trees everywhere thank him for that courageous act. I'm also pleased that Oregon Earth First! is beginning to take a more out front stance in the Oregon old growth struggle instead of doing most things in the name of the Cathedral Forest Action Group. As much as I admire most of the folks in CFAG, there are a few who seem to me to bog down the effort to save the big trees with their self-righteous journey to heaven. Oregon EF!, by the way, now has a new office with plenty of room (five bedrooms) to house lots of Earth First!ers from all over the country who want to come and get direct experience in direct action for natural diversity. Contact Oregon Earth First! at 1520 NW 17th, Corvallis, OR 97333.

My old buddy Leon Czolgosz is taking a break from the glamorous world of publishing. We will miss him and do appreciate the good work he did on this newspaper this past year.

The dynamic rainforest duo, Randy Hayes and Mike Roselle, have put together a lot of material on rainforests for a special section this issue. The special section will also be individually printed and be available as a handout. Contact them in San Francisco for details.

One of my long-time heroes is Mike Frome — who is undoubtedly the most distinguished environmental journalist in the country. I remember first meeting Mike when I worked for The Wilderness Society back in Washington, DC, in 1978. "My god," I thought then, "He's more radical than we are!" I am very pleased to present a hardhitting essay by Mike this issue on our old topic of environmental co-option. If the fat-cats running the movement won't listen to me, maybe they'll listen to Mike Frome. If you belong to environmental groups, why don't you clip Mike's article and send it to members of the Board of Directors and the Executive Director?

We hate to do it, but our growth in subscriptions demands that we get a bit more efficient with our operation. In the future we will send out renewal notices (Igor letters) separately from the newspaper so you have a better chance of seeing them and responding. In the past we have carried people for six months or so after their sub expired but can no longer do that. We'll carry past due subs for one additional issue. We've discovered that too many of the those out-of-date subs were winding up in post office trash cans 'cause people had moved. If you can't afford fifteen bucks to renew, that's OK — but we must hear from you that you still want to receive the newspaper. We are also requesting the post office to send us address corrections. This means that if you move and don't tell us so we can change your address, the post office will send us your change of address and charge us 30 cents. We will then change your address on our sub list but we will not send you that particular issue of the paper (first class postage is about 72 cents) — you will get the next issue at your new address. We'd sure as hell prefer to send the $ this costs us to tree huggers on the front lines. Letting us know your change of address is your responsibility. Please help.

See you on the trail, stronghearts.

- Dave Foreman

Letters to the editor are welcomed. Lengthy letters may be edited for space requirement. Letters should be typed or carefully printed and double-spaced, using only one side of a sheet of paper. Be sure to indicate if you want your name and location to appear or if you wish to remain anonymous. Send letters to POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

Dear *EF!*

Igor showed last week. I'm happy to say I'm recovering nicely, thank you. The body cast should be off in 8 to 10 weeks. And I can now wiggle my toes! Enclosed please find your blood money.

I thought our readers would like to be informed of a corporate rip-off that directly involves them. Mt. Bell and probably all the other bastard children of AT & T charge every residential customer a monthly fee to "maintain" the phone wire *inside* your house. It ranges from $.50 to $3 a month. How often do your phone wires go bad inside your walls? Almost never! And if you do have a problem (like drilling a hole and accidentally cutting them), call a private company in the yellow pages, or twist and tape the ends together yourself like any other wire. Call up your local phone company and tell them you do not want them to "maintain" your wires and to cancel the charges.

- Dave Seeley

Dear *Earth First!*

I've read through a dozen back issues of *Earth First!* completely during the past week (this stuff's addictive!) and I'm finding that some new things are starting to penetrate my sometimes thick skull. One thing keeps hitting me again and again — Earth First!ers have many different opinions on a lot of things, but these people really do care about what happens to this planet, even beyond what they can get out of it in their 60 or 70 years. I have ultimate respect and appreciation for those of you who care enough to do so much!

Anyway, I, for one, have tended to overemphasize the differences between environmentalists when what usually mattered most was that people were simply environmentalists. Most of our differences are relatively unimportant at this time in history and I don't think we could hope to resolve even a portion of them anyway, especially in a newspaper. The task at hand is to save as much of the natural Earth as we can in the time we have here, by whatever means are necessary. Everything else should be on the back burners.

Lynn Jacobs
Cornville, Arizona

Dear *Earth First!*

The Southern Utah Wilderness Association is in the middle of a celebration! One of the first issues Clive and I decided SUWA should undertake was an appeal of the Mt Ellen and Mt Pennell WSAs in the Henry Mountains. Clive wrote about this travesty in the Nov. 1982 *EF!*. Clive, financed by your dollars through SUWA, wrote a 300 page appeal on both areas. The Interior Board of Land Appeals rule in our favor and now 80,000 acres have become part of both wilderness study areas. My only regret is that Clive did not have the time or resources to file appeals on other deserving areas. Thank you for your support.

- Robert Weed

PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

***Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal* is published 8 times a year on the old pagan European nature holidays: Samhain (November 1), Yule (December 21 or 22), Brigid (February 2), Eostar (March 21 or 22), Beltane (May 1), Litha (June 21 or 22), Lughnasadh (August 1), and Mabon (September 21 or 22). Deadlines for articles are three weeks before the cover date (October 10, December 1, January 10, March 1, April 10, June 1, July 10, and September 1). The newspaper is mailed 3rd class on the cover date. First Class delivery is available for $5 extra a year. Airmail delivery overseas is available for $10 extra a year.**

EARTH FIRST!
Litha Edition
June 21, 1985
Vol. V, No. VI

Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal is an independent publication within the broad Earth First! movement. Entire contents are copyrighted 1985, but we are pleased to allow reprints if credit is given. *Earth First!* is a forum for the militant environmental movement. Responsibility rests with the individual authors and correspondents.

Although we do not accept the authority of the hierarchical state, nothing herein is intended to run us afoul of its police power. *Agents provocateurs* will be dealt with by the Grizzly Defense League on the Mirror Plateau.

Contributions are welcomed and should be typed or carefully printed, *double spaced*, and sent with an SASE if return is requested. Art or photographs (black & white prints preferred, color prints or slides OK) are eagerly sought to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested. No payment is offered except for extra copies of the issue.

All material should be sent to Earth First!, PO Box 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703, except for poetry which should go to Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride, CO 81435.

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Marcy Willow, Associate Editor
Mike Roselle, Associate Editor
Christoph Manes, Associate Editor
John Davis, Assistant Editor
Randy Hayes, Rainforest Editor
Bill Devall, Contributing Editor
Art Goodtimes, Poetry Editor
John Seed, Australia Correspondent
Rick Davis, Japan Correspondent
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POB 235, Ely, Nevada 89301 (702)289-8636: Correspondence with Wildcat Annie.

POB 5871, Tucson, Arizona 85703 (602)622-1371: Letters to the Editor, Manuscripts, Art, Photographs, etc. for *Earth First!;* Subscriptions, Changes of Address, Inquiries; Merchandise Orders; Clippings; General Correspondence; Correspondence with Dave Foreman or John Davis.

C/o FOE 1045 Sansome St, San Francisco, CA 94111 (415)433-7373: Rainforest Action & Information Network; Correspondence with Randy Hayes or Mike Roselle.

POB 1008, Telluride, Colorado 81435 (303)728-4301: Poetry, Correspondence with Art Goodtimes.

Please send any newspaper clippings mentioning Earth First! or dealing with subjects of interest to us at POB 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703. Clippings about monkeywrenching of any kind would be appreciated. Thank you!

The Post Office does not forward 3rd Class Mail but they do charge us 30 cents apiece to send us change of address information. Please send us your change of address immediately so we can send $ where the action is instead of to the Post Office. Some people using clever aliases are not receiving their copies of *Earth First!*. Be sure to notify your mailman that "Attila the Hun" or "The Animal" receives mail at your address.

Letters (cont)

Dear Earth First!

I remember several years ago, some kids here in San Diego amused themselves one afternoon by seeing how many rocks they could fit into the local neighborhood sewer after the manhole cover was removed. This created a public experiment in practical applied engineering as the experts worked for weeks to get the damn rocks out.

The city experienced a similar incident more recently when the main lines to Sea World ruptured of their own accord. The section of roadway adjacent to the ruptured lines was closed for over a year.

These two incidents share several critical factors which could be applied to monkeywrenching:

* nonviolent
* easy, inexpensive, fast to do
* difficult, expensive, time-consuming to undo
* requires no great skill to do, but ties up a lot of brain power to correct
* gets everyone's immediate attention.

- Anon

Dear Editor

The articles in *Earth First!* on hunting are the absolute pitts and are a disgrace to true ecologists. Hunters (the three "S" boys) have about the same mentality as their hound dogs, the only thing they think about is "shittin sex and shootin." It is hard to say which one is the damn dumbest.

I don't have a speck of use for those dumb-assed knock-need, blood thirsty, sadistic perverts myself. Hunting is a damn fine sport for dogs but humans ought to have better sense. Hunters hang the heads of their victims over the fireplace like uncivilized African natives.

I'll guarantee one thing though, *their* sorry asses will be buried in plush steel coffins. The definition of egotism is a white male human being with a gun and a Bible.

If Zeus had made his critters to shoot at he would have sewed targets on their behinds. I suggest that you print an article by some nut that gets his jollies by cutting Redwood trees. What is this crap? Earth First! Animals Last?! all nut and berry bearing trees depend on birds and animals to transport their seeds. When you kill a squirrel you kill a hundred trees. Don't tell me I don't know what I am talking about! I have been watching them do it for 40 years. If I see any more "hunting" articles I promise to use your fine magazine for toilet paper. If man was a meat eater he would have had teeth like a dog, any damn fool should know that.

Please print the previous page in *Earth First!* If you cannot print it as a letter to the editor, send me a bill for column space. I *firmly and whole heartedly* believe that 90% of the human race have made themselves the most *unnecessary creatures on this planet* and that they are dedicated to exploiting the Earth and it's creatures for the sole purpose of *greed and personal gain.* I have had to kill animals but I had just as soon cut the last Redwood tree as to kill the last Whooping Crane. There ain't no damn difference! I was *extremely* dissapointed at seeing "hunting" articles in your otherwise fine magazine. If there are any more I promise to *withdraw all support* for your organization. If harvesting animals is necessary it should not be done by bloodthirsty perverts.

-Dallas Gragg
- North Carolina

(Editor's note: I ain't touching this one with a ten foot pole other than to express amazement — if it is a serious letter and not a joke — at how people can distort material between the printed page and their brains.)

Dear *Earth First!*

Concerning Philip Chamerlain's letter complaining about Wolke's hunting article: As stated, Howie is not a hunting guide. Any insinuation that he defends hunting because of some profit he might make from it, makes me ready for a fight.

Extermination of predators for the human hunter is not hunting. Philip insinuates that Howie would refer to the slaughter of wolves as hunting. I believe Howie stressed a point against killing predators in his article.

Then, Philip speaks of hunting as being cheap and easy. He tells us that rather than hunt we should emphasize forbearance in our lives. Well, you have things turned around there. I have spent many years of my life working hard to understand Earth and her creatures. I am a hunter and to me it is the only non-cheap, non-easy way to obtain food. There is no better way to emphasize forbearance in one's life than to have to totally use one's mind, body and heart in obtaining food.

For me, hunting is one of life's greatest challenges and I accept it along with the lifestyle it requires.

-Barbara Steele
Montana

Dear *EF!*

Thanks for publishing Ray Vaughan's well written article on the Wilderness Areas of Alabama and the future they face. I too am a native of Alabama and was happy to see a national environmental newspaper cover a southeastern wilderness issue — something rarely seen.

-Randy Aronov
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear *Earth First!*

Give Lynn Jacobs a hug for me and send me a copy of *Sacred Cows At the Public Trough.*

-Montana

(Editor's note: Get your free copy of ***Sacred Cows*** *($1 postage) courtesy of Lynn Jacobs. Write EF! in Tucson.)*

Dear *Earth First!*

Sitting on a log in my backyard at dusk, watching the colors dance off the tall golden grass while the different shades of green shimmer from the pines, black and live oaks, buckeye and tooyon trees, I watch a perched great horned owl raise its tail every times it hoots. In the distance the creek rumbles, two screech owls exchange rapid-fire words, coyotes serenade the coming night.

Jeff Taylor, engineer for the Kings River Conservation District, was recently quoted in the *Fresno Bee* saying that the Sierra foothills were ugly six months out of the year. I can't help but recall the old maxim: "Ugliness is in the soul of the beholder."

- J P Bernhard

Dear *Earth First!*

I am appalled that any sentient human could find it possible to defend the regime of the murderer Pol Pot, who is known to have butchered some 3 million of his fellow Cambodians, an event that apologist Chim Blea ("Cat Tracks,"*EF!*, May 1, 1985) glosses over with shocking disregard. Far from providing Earth First!ers with an appropriate model for "returning the country to pastoralism," Pol Pot destroyed an indigenous, agriculturally based economy, little Westernized, that, for all the ravages brought upon it by the war in Indochina, at least fed the populace. Pol Pot's actions directly brought on a desperate state of famine that only the murder of a third of Cambodia's people could diminish. If this is ecologicaly responsibility in the eyes of your correspondent, then something is very, very wrong. Chim Blea approvingly cites the Stalinist formula that "you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs,: to which the American poet Randall Jarrell's rejoinder is the only possible response: "That's what they tell the eggs."

- Gregory McNamee
Tucson, AZ

Chim Blea replies: Did I say that!? Come on, read it again.

Dear *Earth First!*

My contacts in the BLM are worried about the implications of an interagency agreement between the National Park Service and the Bureau of Livestock and Mining which provides for the sharing of BLM's staff expertise on dealing with valid existing mineral claims within any unit of the National Park System.

There are mineral claims on many mineralized areas which were placed before the land was included in a National Park or Monument. This is particularly true in Lake Mead National Recreation Area. The companies holding these claims are pressing to do exploratory work on their claims. This involves bulldozing a road to the claim so giant drill rigs can be brought in, and bulldozing a drill pad for the core drilling. NPS had no staff or capacity capable of dealing with the paperwork involved in letting mineral claim holders rape NPS land legally. The interagency agreement loans NPS experienced BLM mineral lease folks who know how to do the deed.

Explorations in Lake Mead NRA are for uranium. Given the economic state of the uranium industry, the suspicion is that this is being done largely to set a precedent for further exploration and mining on claims in Park units, Wilderness Areas, and Wilderness Study Areas. Paranoid vigilance is in order.

- Lance Christie

BANK ROBBERY? HELL... THIS IS GREAT TRADITION OF THE OLD WEST !!!

Dear SFB

Thet thar Howie feller writ a good piece about huntin. Ah sur agrees with im. Howsomever he don't mention nuthin bout huntin the wildlife refuges. Ah figger he's not one of them thar sissy hunters whot uses a scope on his rifle. Best to use yer skill and git in closelike to make a kill. Don't understan some folks, jist seems unamerican not to want to kill somethin. We been a-doin it fer generations.

Wyanokie Al's pal,
- John Duke

Dear *Earth First!*

I was sent to the Wilderness and Natural Areas Symposium held at Nacodoches, Texas, on 13-15 May, by my employer and can give a report from the inside. The symposium was sponsored by the USFS, Wilderness Society, and Stephen F. Austin State University. It was attended mostly by Forest Service people, but with a few civilized human beings to make things more interesting.

A great deal of time was spent in discussion of "management" of Wilderness. Opinions on the subject were diverse, ranging from speakers who urged planners to "think biocentric" and to use the "absolute minimum of intervention," to the mindless shitheads who are willing to destroy a Wilderness Area in order to kill a few pine beetles. Forest Service thinking seems on the average to favor a lot of "management" for Wilderness.

Earth First! and other groups had a demonstration against the Forest Service's roadbuilding and timbercutting in east Texas Wilderness Areas for pine beetle control. Many people came out, some with colorful costumes such as EF! t-shirts, owl suits, bear suits, pine beetle suits, etc. Everyone was carrying signs — the lady in the pine beetle suit had one that said "SAVE THE PINE BEETLE." The local newspapers and TV station gave good coverage. The USFS people were quite nervous and hostile about the demonstration and moved the meeting from the campus to a local motel so they could have tighter secrutiy. The organizers of the demo are to be complimented on a good job.

- Oklahoma

Dear *Earth First!*

"The beetle was right." I dreamed I was a tree. Being a tree was about like you'd expect; connected with life, paying attention to being (as separate from what's happening), a flowing constant state. This was interesting because in the dream my closest friends and I had been cut down. It felt real strange to be horizontal and sliding through space. At the mill, my consciousness was shattered as I was ripped apart into lumber. As each board left the greater mass of tree, my awareness faded away and so ended the dream. Gone with the wood.

Darby, MT

Dear *Earth First!*

I just received my long-awaited *EF!* and instead of studying like a good little girl, I've entered a new stream of consciousness (which isn't allowed when in grad school). As a botany major here in Athens, I pull my hair out on a regular basis and now have a fair collection of wigs. We are nestled within the Wayne National Forest and if you think the West is a hotspot of abuse, you ain't seen nothin' yet! I guess you figure the Midwest is too far gone. After 13 years with a governor who openly claimed "trees pollute the air," you're damn right. The incentives are the occasional pockets of floral diversity that somehow have survived the cooperative claws of industry. A *Cypridpedium sp.* orchid can bring tears to your eyes, even if you're told repeatedly, "It's natural selection, quit romanticizing."

The Wayne National Forest is not only into logging wholesale, it's proud of it. At least in your armpit of the woods, they try to keep their negligence quiet.

I am doing research on a subliminally beautiful species of mint on their land. This plant cannot tolerate openings in the canopy (such as those which take place in their clearcuts). I've found it very disconcerting that there is an even-aged stand of White Pine adjacent to my study area. Upon inquiry to Forest Service macho rednecks whether that little stand of pine is going to be clearcut, I promptly received a "probably not" as they quietly patted my back and shuffled me out of the office. You see, being a woman and doing a study on a pretty endangered flower is real "sweet." What I need is a tin of Skoal, a shotgun and Ford pickup (I drive one of those Jap jobbies, ya' know).

Is it worth it to bang your head against a wall when you live in Ohio? Should I say "lost cause" and whirl my ass out West where all the action is? The West still has enough to fight for, I guess.

Wildly yours,
Ginny

Valiant Earth First! Effort on Middle Santiam

(cont)

the hope that the forest would fall easy victim to their depredations). Of course Kerrick had masked his usurpation of powers in innocent, bland prose. The region was closed to treehuggers "from a safety standpoint . . . we had incidents last year that gave us concern that somebody was going to be injured." (Of course, no one but loggers have been injured since logging began.)

Closed area or not, the Pyramid Creek Commandos are going in. In fact, we are going to close the area to loggers! If the first stage of "Operation Arborealism" works according to plan, we'll shut down the Willies of Willamette Industries and save at least a small portion of old growth forest while the Freddies rage.

The plan is simple: using rock climber technology modified for tree climbing, our climbing specialist will raise himself to the upper regions of a hoary old tree marked for imminent slaughter. The rest of us, unschooled in the techniques, will ring this tree and witness the Willies' and Freddies' reactions. If our operative can stay in the tree for three or four days, our efforts in the media end of things should result in an uproar loud enough to incite others into climbing in their favorite National Forest. After a couple of nights we'll attempt to sneak a replacement person up the tree.

With a hollow boom, our overladen van crosses Pyramid Creek, liquid heart of the Middle Santiam and probation violation point for some. We slide to a halt and thunder out of the van. I'd half expected — no, fully expected — to round the final curve in the road and find a phalanx of heavily armed Feds, Freds and Willies blocking our path. But there is only the soft susurrus of Doug fir branches high above us, invisible save as a deeper black against the cloud-blown sky. The shallow valley below us, ravaged by clearcuts, lies somnolent, without a light or other sign of mankind. The rumble of our transport fades away to nothingness.

I am almost beside myself with impatience as our group of commandos stumbles along the spur road to the Cutting Edge. Our minds are blurred by fatigue from lack of sleep but we are determined to take our part in the defense of Earth.

A quarter mile down the roughcut spur road, we see a stack of slaughtered trees waiting for the logging trucks that will carry their wooden corpses to the peeling and pulp mills in Sweet Home, Oregon, to be turned into plywood and paper.

We pile into a woody trench in the middle of the stack for a last rest before dawn. I'm too jittery to sleep; I step quietly onto the road to keep watch. Except for one false alarm (a patch of light colored soil looking to my weary eyes like headlamps shining through the trees), not a single Freddie is stirring.

After an hour and a half we begin to see the trees against the growing light in the eastern sky. We pick our way over clearcut wastes to the next stand of timber doomed to fall before the saws of the Willies. Tall. Quiet. Shrouded by tendrils of mist, trees older than the United States wait in dignity for the savages of civilization to come cutting.

"Doug Fir" picks out his tree. He climbs into his harness as the rest of us take up watchposts or drowse. A photographer from the *Alliance*, a Portland newspaper, starts shooting. Dawn. Doug Fir raises his hammer. Tink! Tinktinktinktink! An 8" nail is pounded home. He hooks on his stirrup ladder (an etrier). He climbs up the stirrup ladder to the top loop, reaches up as far as he can and pounds another nail home, securing himself with a carabiner to each nail so that his arms are free.

From the ground it is astounding. Within minutes he is well out of reach of anybody. After half an hour he reaches a mighty bough 70 feet in the air and secures himself. We cheer as the Earth First! banner unfurls in the breeze. The tree is safe. No one will cut it with Doug Fir on board, and he has no plans to leave.

Daylight. As the mists burn off we see that it's a fine day to oppose the forces of forestcide. After an hour a couple of loggers arrive, their crummy coming to a halt with a volley of amazed curses as they see the banner far above their heads. We laugh. Then we wait. Wait for the loggers to call their supervisors, for the supervisors to come out and inspect us, for "Sluggo" Slagowski, Forest Service law enforcement officer to appear festooned with the symbols and paraphenalia of institutional power. Sluggo tries to intimidate us into leaving. No dice, Sluggo. Sluggo tries to get Mike Roselle's refusal to leave on tape, but Mike, resplendent in crimson pullover cap and wool greatcoat only smiles and shakes his head.

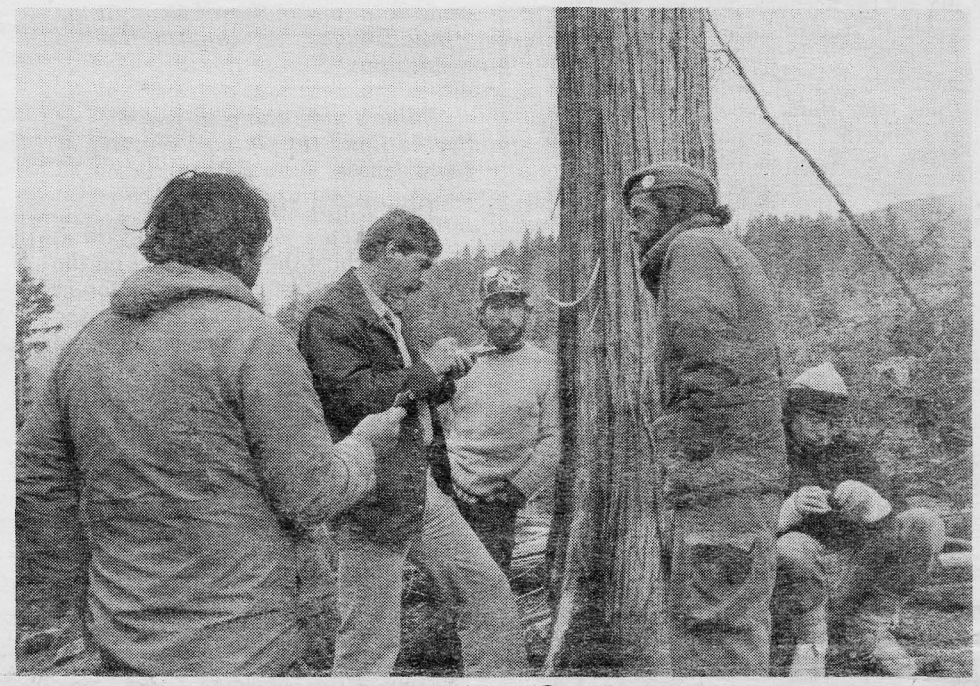
Finally the armed minions of Linn County appear. Grimfaced, they are glum at the prospect of carrying limp protestors through the slash. Naturally they take Roselle on right away, and try to get him to walk. He refuses. Finally he is borne off like some haughty Pasha in India by his redfaced bearers. All one-eighth ton of him. One of them makes a smarmy comment about how it would be too bad if they dropped him but he hurriedly retracts his statement when told he's being recorded. The tape recorder is empty, but works well as a deterrent to overaggressive behavior. Later, after I'm securely handcuffed one of the deputies tells me I'm chargeable under "eavesdropping" law for recording my own arrest! I smile and repeat the threat into the empty recorder.

We are all taken away (save for the courageous Doug Fir high in his tree) down the crumbling roads, past huge devastated areas naked of trees. Even the deputy sheriff scowls at the ruined forest. Down on Highway 20, they run us through their cop game, fingerprints and all, and we are released. Our support folks appear and whisk us off to rest at the Resistance Camp five miles up the road. Doug Fir, however, rests comfortably, high above the frustrated Sluggo, and chats with the curious and amused loggers, while he unfurls a "Don't Cut Us Down!" banner, and grants interviews to video crews.

Evening. The loggers leave after hacking down all the trees around the one Doug Fir sits in. Before long all is quiet. Doug Fir is amazed and angered by the destruction of the stand around him. After the sun sets, he quietly climbs down to inspect the shattered remains of the once mighty trees. But unbeknownst to him, Sluggo, no doubt stung by his supervisor, has crawled back into the area. He catches sight of Doug sitting on a fresh stump. Sluggo lunges out from behind a bush, bellows an order to halt, and falls flat on his face, from a boot snagged by some outraged plant. Sluggo scrambles to his feet and Doug reassures him that he won't resist. Sluggo grabs him.

A group of support people spot Doug being taken away and the word goes out: Doug Fir busted! The next day the treacherous Freddies let the logging company cut the last tree down. All of Doug's photography and climbing gear is destroyed. Sluggo had assured him that a Forest Service climber would retrieve his gear. Ha! Never trust a Freddie.

Ron Huber is an Earth First!er from Maryland currently working with Oregon Earth First! to protect old growth.



Sluggo arrests Steve Binko as Paul McAdam, Dave Rusk and Ken Day look on.

Photos by Marcy Willow.

Mike Jakubal

photo by Jacqueline Moreau

On A Darkling Plain

By Marcy Willow

Going home into the Mid-Santiam last week was like going home — to a home under seige. And we had to sneak back in the dark. "Over hill, over dale, we will hit the timber sale . . ." sang the Pyramid Creek Commandos, as the rig bounced and rocked along the illegal road. We were twelve strong in a capsule of steel. We couldn't see each other. Every now and then a low voice would say: "We're doomed. We're going to die!" Which brought forth gales of laughter from everyone. Hearty, desperate, invincible laughter.

The rig stopped, letting us tumble into a deeper darkness, and disappeared. We used no flashlights, groped the first step or two, but soon were gliding over the rubble in the direction we had to go, borne by an innate sense. We were cloaked in the black Spring night, and silent.

A ten-foot high stack of massacred old growth firs loomed. We climbed over the top. A missing log provided, with grim irony, a trench. A chance to rest and await the dawn. Small talk was cut short when our sentry saw a distant light. We sank deep into the trench, in complete silence and stillness; transformed into creatures of eyes and ears. No one dared breathe. Who was it? A vehicle? A night watchman? "Accidents" are more easily perpetrated at night. Thirty minutes went by like three hours. My powder blue jacket seemed to glow in the dark. I pressed myself into the bark crannies. Nylon rustled, roared. Then deep silence. I heard footsteps, steady and quick. Or was it my heart beating? In the two quiet hours, an occasional shiver, a nervous cough from down the line. The heavy, rythmic breathing behind me told me Nagasaki slept.

No stranger came, but we waited; between the living forest and the wasted land: at the edge of the earth, or beyond. Dead, twisted branches, barely visible, rose from the slash like skeletal fingers. A varied thrush called once. And later again, his long eldritch strain. I recited what I could remember of Thomas Hardy's *Darkling Thrush:*

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloud canopy,
The wind his death lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon the earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

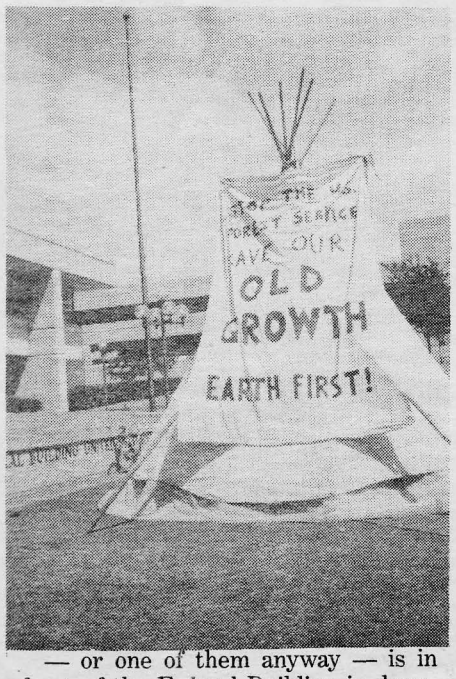
At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
And chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

Now, through the gloaming, we could see each other. We strode across the slaughter-fields. One went high in a tree, the rest crouched close to the duff. I remembered the last stanza:

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

THE WORST CAMPSITE IN THE WORLD

By Marcy Willow



— or one of them anyway — is in front of the Federal Building in downtown Eugene, Oregon. We know, because Oregon Earth First!ers camped there for a week in Leo's tent. No water, no shade (rather like a clearcut), lots of carbon monoxide and concrete. We had to use earplugs at night in order to sleep. We stuck it out, though, to draw attention to the Forest Service's destruction of our last old growth forests, and in particular to protest Willamette National Forest Supervisor Michael Kerrick's systematic annihilation of the Middle Santiam Wilderness. The message received considerable public attention and was carried through the media statewide. Even Cutemdown Kerrick got the message — we held our "Honk for Wilderness" signs beneath his office window all week. There wasn't much he could do — we had an official USFS camping permit.

Most of the folks who came by were friendly, except for some grim-faced Freddies (although a few tried their slimiest to be "friendly"). By mid-week two of Willamette Industries top Freddie flunkies agreed to come to our tent and talk: Kerrick and District Ranger Lucero. While Ron Huber, David Oaks, Dave Rusk, Zupan and I interrogated them, they kept insisting they *weren't* being paid by Willamette Industries. Ron explained again all the reasons why the Middle Santiam Wilderness is so important. It was clear they didn't, and didn't want to, know. Neither one of them, they admitted, had ever set foot or even wheel in this forest.

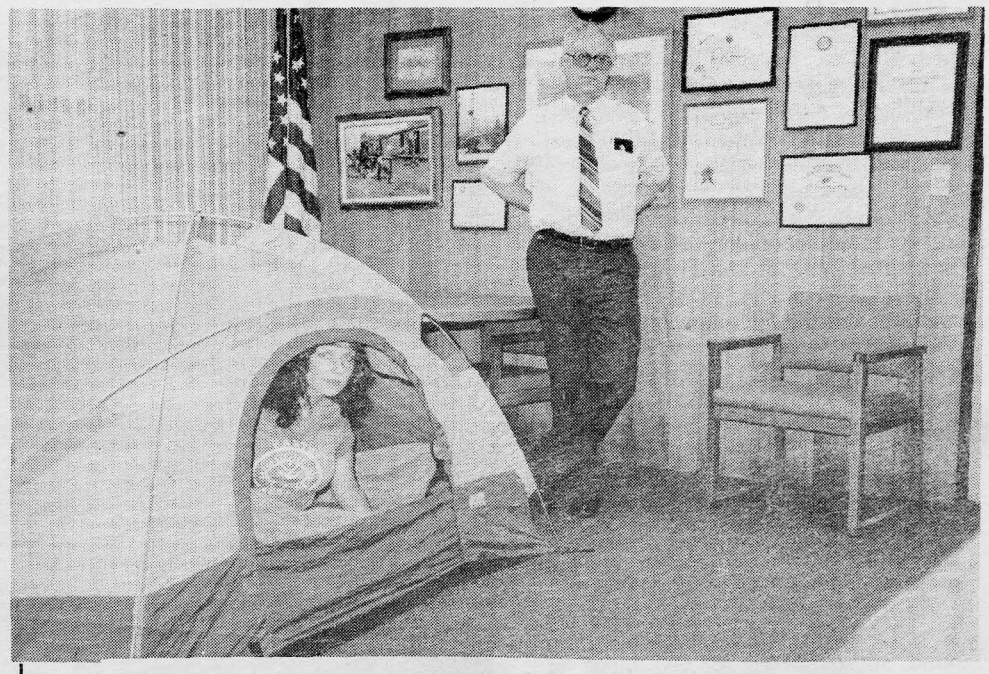
"Now about the forest closures, please draw your boundaries," I said, handing them a map. Lucero's line went way west of FS Road 204. I pointed to the spot and asked, "Is this designated Wilderness?"

Lucero said, "I don't know." Kerrick just chewed his puffy cheeks.

"You know you're heading for a First Amendment lawsuit," said Ron. They shrugged. We ask if they planned to close off any more of the forest.

"That depends," said Lucero. "If we anticipate more spiking, we'll have to close the whole area to protect the resource."

We broke camp at the end of the week and looked for a better site.



THE SECOND WORST CAMPSITE IN THE WORLD

By Marcy Willow

The Freddies here in the Northwest are trying a new approach to blockaders: large doses of rudeness, combined with heavy intimidation. They really shouldn't do this, as it only makes it harder on them. Take for example the blockade on May 20 at the Pyramid Creek timber sale. We were minding our own business, standing around a big old Douglas fir, when these two Freddies came by. One was very pale, the other red in the face. No smile, no howdydo, or anything. They just started threatening and acting real nasty. They waved their arms and threatened us with the vilest things they could think of. In addition to the state violation, they gave us a federal charge. The Freddies lost their sense of justice and fair play long ago. Now they've lost their sense of humor.

Well, heck. We were irked. If a body can't camp in the woods, where can one camp? A day later we knew — *the Regional Forester's office in Portland!*

The following day we took a nostalgic pre-dawn ride in Digger's old green van. An auspicious sunrise escorted us all the way. It was a jolly ride, even though Nagasaki kept singing "Jail-House Rock."

Earlier in the morning we got the best campsite in the building — the carpet in front of Regional Forester Jeff Sirmon's desk. (Unfortunately he wasn't in at the time. I heard he was having brunch with some Japanese Timber Corporate Executives.)

A secretary scurried in while we were busy putting up our tent and said, "You can't do this. You can't do this."

Once camp was set up, we commenced to relaxing. It wasn't bad, except the air was real stuffy. The windows were the kind that don't open. But it was softer and quieter than the concrete in Eugene. Quieter, that is, until two generic Freddies walked in. I think one was the Deputy Regional Forester. We didn't get their names, but by the looks of them we figured "Tweedle Dee" and "Tweedle Dum" would suffice. Tweedle Dee did most of the talking. He asked what we doing there. Camping, we said. *And* protesting Region 6's purposeful, systematic, genocidal destruction of the Pacific Northwest's old growth forests.

"Look," he said, "If you take down this tent, we can talk."

"You stop the cutting in the Mid-Santiam right now," we said, "And we'll take down the tent."

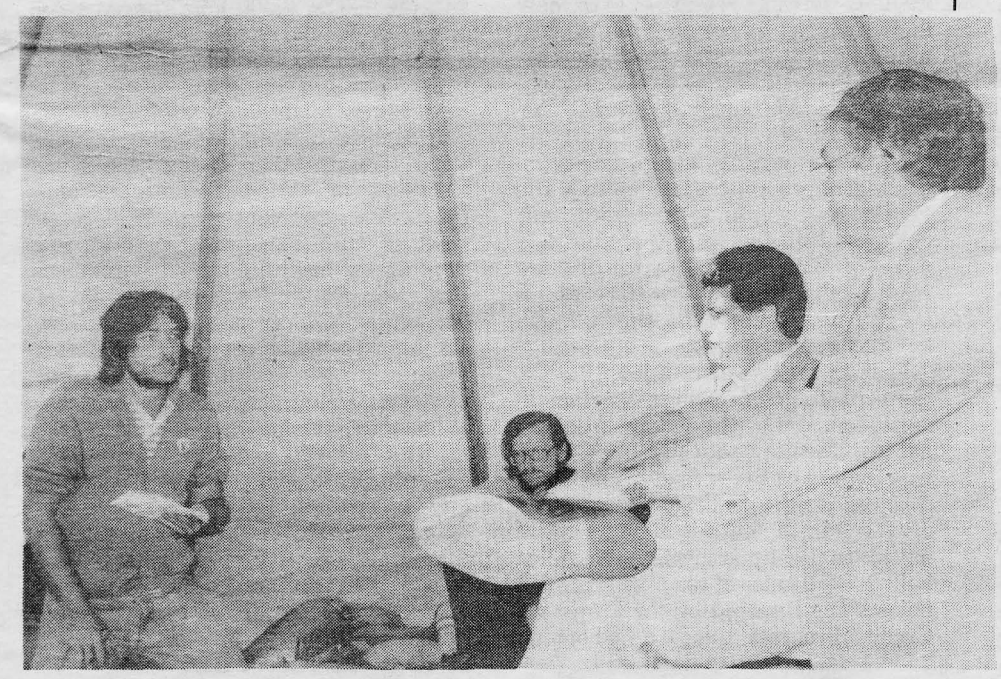
"I won't do that."

"Then the tent stays."

They stood around a little longer, bickering and disturbing our solitude. There were pictures on the walls of elk, bear, trout and quail. "When you get through exterminating old growth, is this the kind of wildlife with which we are to be satisfied? Pictures on a wall?" I asked.

His garbled response was unintelligible. I must admit, however, these Freddies were not purposefully rude, at least. But I guess they didn't want us there because they called the police. Two of the three policemen who arrived were officers and gentlemen; the third was nervous and tried to cut off the circulation in my left arm as they led us away. We were cited for being "nuisances," released, and told to stay away from Sirmon's office.

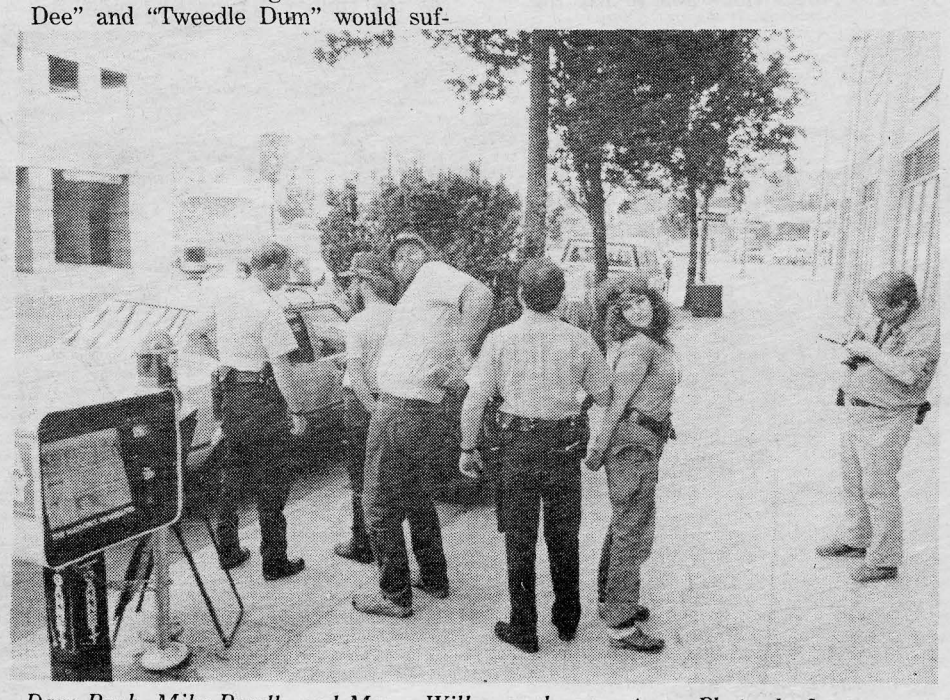
Well, we had no plans to go back there anyway. We're looking for a site with a better view and where you can at least open the windows.



Ron Huber interrogates Lucero and Kerrick.

EARTH FIRST!
No Compromise in the Defense of Mother Earth!

Tree killers surveying their work.



Dave Rusk, Mike Roselle and Marcy Willow under arrest. Photo by Leo Hund.

ROADS (cont.)

viduals who choose to find security and stability in a government career. (See "Three Reasons Why the US Forest Service Sucks," Grizzly Den, *Earth First!* December 22, 1983.)

Certainly, Reagan Administration anti-environmentalism has worsened a bad situation. But the Forest Service road building mania has been ongoing and accelerating for some 50 years (see the "Forest Service Assault on Wilderness" *EF!* Sept. 21, 1982 for information about this in the 1930's), and the reasons are as complex as the bureaucracy itself. The *destruction* of wildlife habitat, watersheds, and quality recreational opportunities is the common thread which binds together the Forest Service road building program of past, present, and (unless we halt it) future.

As *Earth First!* has previously reported, the Freddies are planning to build approximately 33,000 miles of roads between 1985 and 1999 in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico roadless areas alone. The figure for Washington and Oregon is also roughly 30,000 miles!

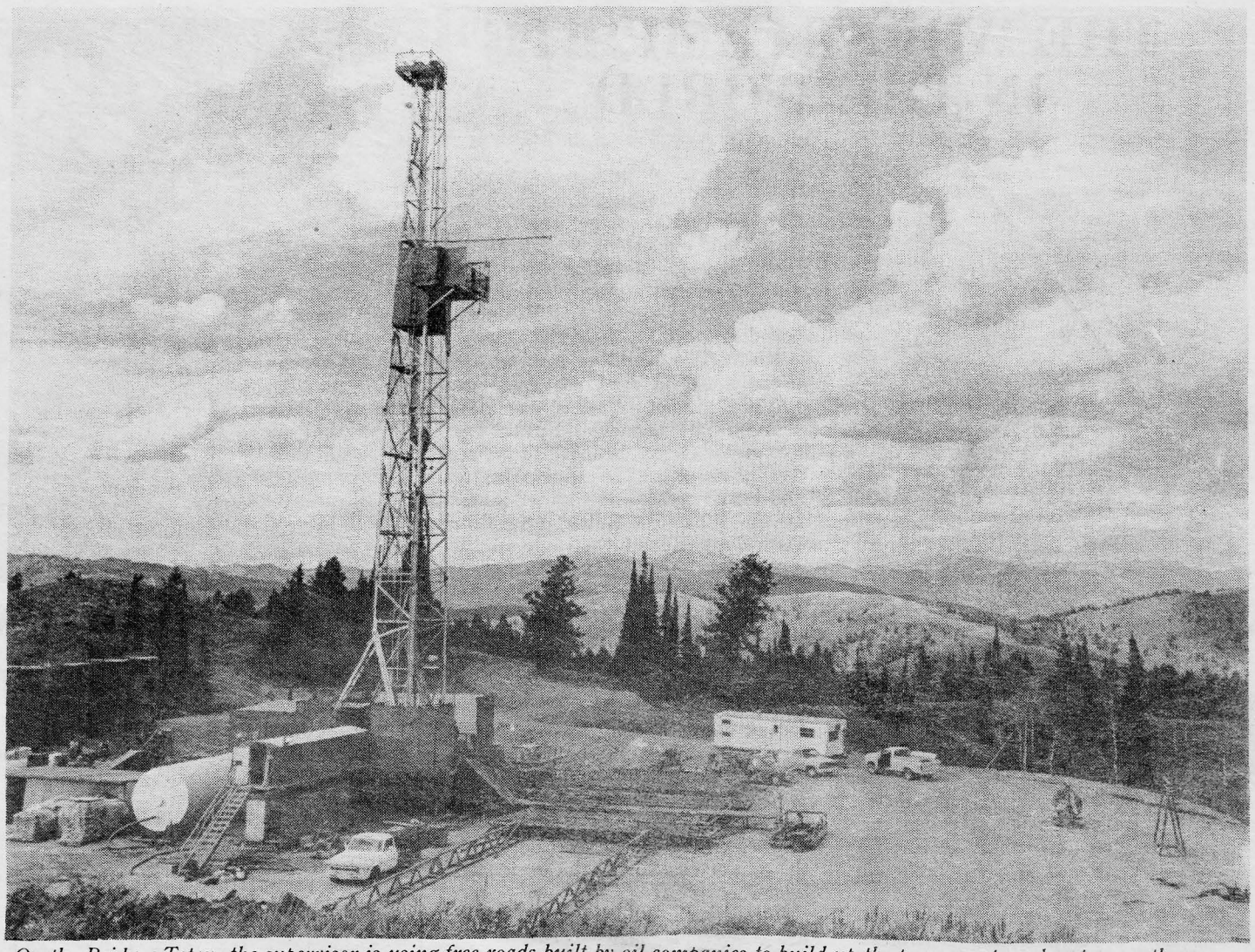
Nationally, the agency is planning to crisscross our remaining roadless areas with over 75,000 miles of new roads (three times the circumference of Earth at the equator) during the next 15 years. The ecological ramifications of this program will be devastating.

On the average, each mile of Forest road constructed obliterates about five acres of natural habitat. Thus, the Forest Service plans to remove from its productive base approximately 375,000 acres of land during the next 15 years from inventoried roadless areas. Imagine the socio-political brouhaha if a federal agency or corporation proposed a 375,000 acres strip mine! The political turkey would be shot dead in its tracks.

Of course, thus far we've only been looking at plans for inventoried roadless areas. By definition (due to the Wilderness Act's general requirement that a Wilderness be at least 5,000 acres in size), roadless areas under 5,000 acres are not included in these figures. In fact, essentially every new Forest road cuts through previously unroaded areas however small. Often the value of even a small piece of roadless wildlife habitat, if it supplies critical escape cover, important food or water sources, or valuable breeding or birthing areas, can be extremely high. Forest Service plans to road and destroy these areas (about 100,000,000 acres of the National Forests are now classified as "roaded") will also have severe ecological consequences.

The specific impacts of Forest roads on the natural environment are complex and variable, but are virtually always negative. In addition to driving sensitive "wilderness species" out of an area and obliterating productive forest and rangelands, Forest roads disturb soils and cause increased erosion and stream siltation, thus raising water temperature, altering the physical composition of the stream bed, and reducing the dissolved oxygen. The overall water quality and productivity of rivers and streams is often greatly reduced.

Forest roads also make more of the National Forest vulnerable to littering, off-road-vehicle abuse, man-caused fire, and poaching. Access also creates crowding of adjacent backcountry and Wilderness Areas, and each roadless area lost ultimately represents additional dispersed recreational pressure on remaining roadless areas and designated Wilderness units. Already, much of the National Wilderness Preservation System is suffering from overuse, often resulting in water pollution, erosion, local soil compaction, reduction in wildlife populations, and reduced opportunity for solitude. As more roadless areas are "developed," the quality of our remaining Wilderness lands will decrease.



On the Bridger-Teton, the supervisor is using free roads built by oil companies to build up the permanent road system on the Forest. Photo by Richard Murphy/Jackson Hole News.

Furthermore, every constructed road reduces the political opportunity for Wilderness designation or administrative roadless management for adjacent lands, thus rendering large acreages of wild country vulnerable to various forms of multiple abuse, such as logging, mining, overgrazing, and off-road vehicles. (In 1980, approximately 66% of the National Forest System was open to off-road vehicle use.) The direct and indirect environmental consequences of Forest Service road building are indeed staggering.

In 1980, the Carter Administration Forest Service built 10,485 miles of road in our National Forests. Most of these roads (9,562 miles) were built by timber purchasers, with the actual cost of the road being subtracted from the price the purchaser paid for the standing timber, thus resulting in timber companies paying artificially low prices for federal timber. In this way (known as the timber "Puchaser Credit Program"), the American taxpayer directly subsidizes thousands of miles of timber road construction each year, presenting the timber industry with a massive gift of federal timber. Many, if not most of the timber sales in western National Forests, would be uneconomical if timber companies had to pay for these logging roads. This is especially true in the high altitude slow-growing forests in the Rockies, where much of the remaining timber inventory is in rugged, roadless terrain, requiring extremely high financial investment (subsidies) for road access. The taxpayer-subsidized roads are a major reason for for the now widely publicized issue of "deficit timber sales."

Mt. Leidy Roadless Area (WY). Photo by Howie Wolke.

In 1980, from all funding sources (including appropriated funds from the Federal Treasury and Purchaser Credit dollars subtracted from the stumpage price of timber), the Forest Service road building program cost the American taxpayers approximately 499 million dollars!

During the Reagan Administation, the percentage of road construction directly financed by the Federal Treasury has increased dramatically. In 1980, the vast majority of new road mileage was financed via the timber Purchaser Credit Program (9,562 out of 10,485 total miles). In fiscal year 1983, the Freddies built 7,748.9 miles of road, with 5,732.8 miles being financed by the Purchaser Credit Program, and a whopping 2,016.1 miles directly financed by Congressionally appropriated funds. (More appropriated fund road miles — 344.2 — were built in Montana than in any other state.) The increase in the percentage of roads built via appropriated funds under the Reagan Administration is evidence of an actual conspiracy to road the last roadless areas, eliminating them from Wilderness consideration, so that timber can be extracted in the future when economic conditions (presumably) improve.

As a matter of fact, the first priority for Region 1 (Montana, northern Idaho) under its "capital investment program" as stated in the Forest Service Manual is:

. . . provide new road and bridge access to commercial timber stands in RARE II and other unroaded areas released or available for development . . . (FSM 7710.33-R-1 Supplement 1981)

Also in fiscal year 1983, the average Forest road cost the American taxpayers about $120,000 per mile of construction, and the total cost to the American taxpayers was an astonishing 426.6 million dollars. In fiscal year 1984, Forest Service road building rebounded to pre-recession levels, with 9,700 miles of road construction and reconstruction, at a cost to Uncle Sam of over a half-billion dollars. As the remaining roadless areas are destroyed, the unit cost of road building will continue to increase, due to the remoteness, ruggedness, instability, and correspondingly difficult and expensive construction techniques required to road these remaining wildlands.

Furthermore, the Forest Service has been building more miles of road each decade since World War II. The agency averaged 5,200 miles of road per year in the 1960's, 8,500 miles per year in the 1970's, and 9,400 miles per year thus far in the '80's. The upward trend (with minor variations due primarily to economic conditions) has continued through both Democratic and Republican Administrations and in spite of the passage of various Wilderness bills since the enactment of the Wilderness Act of 1964. Thus, the "victory" and "progress" claims of some environmental leaders, due to the passage of numerous Wilderness bills, ring hollow. The road building goes on, the destruction continues, and the overall quality of our National Forest System continues to deteriorate.

The priorities of Max Peterson's Forest Service can also be illustrated by a look at the Agency's 1983 accomplishments in comparison to Congressional goals for that year, as expressed by the Forest and Rangeland Renewable Resources Planning Act (RPA):

Activity Percent of RPA Target Accomplished

Roads (Appropriated Funds) 282%
Minerals (Applications processed) 143%

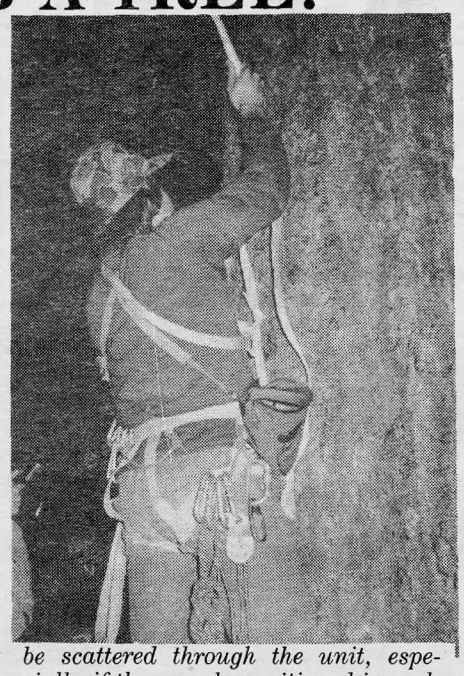
Wilderness Maintenance 63%
Wildlife Habitat Improvement 51%
Soil & Water Improvement 30%
Trails 19%

Clearly, the Forest Service road building binge continues to wipe out America's last remaining unprotected wild lands and wildlife habitat, while costing the people of the United States billions of dollars. This, in order to produce a mere quarter of this nation's annual timber supply!

Today, there are 32.1 million acres of designated Wilderness in our National Forests. Another 58 million acres remain roadless (in tracts of 5,000 acres or more) and unprotected, while roughly 100 million acres are already laced with roads, clearcuts, ski resorts, mines, and other examples of multiple use forestry. In Montana, one of our wildest states, there are an estimated 30,000 miles of *existing* roads in its 16.7 million acres of National Forests. Nationally, there are nearly 350,000 miles of existing roads in our National

GO CLIMB A TREE!

By Aries



Mike "Doug Fir" Jakubal's ascent into the heights of the Middle Santiam should serve as an inspiration to tree huggers everywhere. By enlisting the aid of interested rock climbers or by learning vertical ascent skills, determined eco-activists can put a sudden, complete and immovable wrench into the tree killers' schemes to build roads, clearcut or selectively thin in forested areas, by climbing out of the Freddies' reach and setting up a witness camp high in the forest canopy.

Assuming the ability to climb, or the tutelage of experienced climbers, (rather than go into details here, it is suggested that the would-be climber consult mountaineering books or experienced climbers) the activist should bring a number of items to make his or her stay a pleasant and long one:

A porta-ledge or other collapsible platform on which to live; a rain fly (also useful as a water collector); bedding; a head lamp; adequate food and water; a walkie-talkie, preferably multichannel; paper bags for body wastes (these make effective deterrents to Freddie assaults when filled); several good books; and plenty of rope to tie oneself to the tree once up it.

Pack your personal gear in a large pack or stout duffel bag, and haul it up after you get there (much easier climbing without lugging all that weight on the initial ascent). Pick your tree(s) carefully since you want to maximize your impact on the landrapist plans. To effectively shut down a roadbuilding operation, pick a tree in the middle of a natural constriction along the route they have chosen. In a selective thinning area, shucks, the timber beasts themselves will mark the best trees for you to climb.

To block a clearcutting operation, as many tree-climbers as possible should be scattered through the unit, especially if they can be positioned in such a way as to bollix up the projected felling pattern. If they are cutting from the bottom of a slope up, place the climbers both in the lower trees and scattered throughout the slope. It may be best strategically to pick a smallish unit for this sort of operation: a small number of people can completely halt logging operations, bringing ulcers to the guts of timber company management and a crimp in their damned operational plan, which will reverberate back and forth throughout the upper and lower echelons of the company and local Forest Service outfits (all of these paper shufflers pass the buck).

It is vital to give the Freddies and loggers the solid impression that your crew is up their to stay. Have your support folks trumpet this to every media outlet around. The climbers should assume catchy names like June Ipper or C. Koyuh, etc. Announce a name of your assemblage to the press; claim the tree(s) for Ecotopia or some other nonordinary outfit. Be funny yet determined; the media can glaze over quickly even the best of plans.

Maintain solidarity. If only one person is up in a tree, figure out a way to communicate. If the area is closed to the public, like the Middle Santiam, use walkie-talkies or semaphore from a distant ridge. Don't leave the climber alone; the Freddies and their minions will be using every means of psychological warfare at their disposal, and an overtired climber may succumb to intimidation if not given emotional support.

Avoid like the plague the urge to come down for even a short spell, even if the coast LOOKS clear. Freddie law enforcement types, their jobs on the line, will go to great lengths to drygulch unwary climbers who have come down "just for a moment."

The logging company may elect to cut all the trees in the unit but the ones with climbers in them. If so, have your support crew immediately howl to the media that the greedy timber company is threatening the life of the climbers in their pursuit of profits by exposing them to 2 dangers: 1) the danger of having a falling tree strike the one the climbers are in, and 2) by exposing the tree climber's tree to wind and storm, they have significantly raised the possibility of the tree blowing over and killing the climber. Keep the dramatic tension high. Threaten lawsuits.

If possible, after several days and nights, spirit the original climbers away and replace them with fresh ones. (The Freddies' sentinels will be slacking considerably by then. But be careful; expect ambushers.) If you can't replace the climbers with new climbers, leave the trees festooned with American flags and other psychological impediments to cutting.

The more climbers up at the same time, the better. Let the Tree Nazis know that we're taking back the forest. The best defense is a good offense! Throw a little panic into the forestcidal maniacs; they might just pack up and go home.

Ed. note: A tree sitter need not be an experienced climber. If even one member of the group is skilled, she can set the hardware in the tree. All you need then is reasonable strength, or Jumar ascenders, borrowed from rock climbers, to climb the rope.

MOVING? SEND US YOUR NEW ADDRESS!

AN EARTH FIRST! GUIDE TO NATIONAL FOREST PLANNING

During the next several years, every National Forest in the United States will finalize a land use plan to guide "management" for the next fifty years. Perhaps this process can best be compared to the planning Hitler and the Wehrmacht did before invading Poland. Although the goal of Forest Planning is the virtual destruction of natural values and wildness, few real alternatives are being offered by environmentalists in response to the Tree Nazis' pogrom against the wild. So it is important that the Earth First! perspective be interjected into the Forest Planning process. The following are very general guidelines for developing an Earth First! alternative for the land use plan for your favorite National Forest. (Don't get too sucked into the planning process — it can be a real tarbaby. Remember that much of the material in the FS documents are gibberish and lies.) Support the following types of things:

1) No new road construction. A review of all existing roads to determine which ones are unnecessary or environmentally damaging and should be closed.

2) No logging of old growth or previously unlogged forest.

3) No deficit timber sales.

4) Withdrawal of all National Forest lands from appropriation under the mining or mineral leasing laws, including a complete moratorium on energy leasing.

5) Complete closure of the Forest to vehicles (including mountain bicycles) except on designated and maintained roads.

6) A phase-out of commercial livestock grazing.

7) Prohibition of trapping and all forms of predator control.

8) Reintroduction of extirpated species (such as grizzly, wolf, lynx, wolverine, otter, black bear, jaguar, ocelot, cougar, jaguarundi, elk, bison, pronghorn, bighorn, moose, red-cockaded woodpecker, etc. where appropriate) into suitable habitat.

9) Prohibition of herbicides, insecticides, and other poisons.

10) Complete protection of all roadless areas and recovery areas where roads have been closed.

11) Management concentration on reforestation, erosion control, and other healing activities (using native species only).

12) Return to a natural fire ecosystem.

Tailor these guidelines along with other recommendations to your National Forest. Attend the public meetings or hearings. Get others to support the Earth First! position in letters and comments. Send out a flyer about the EF! proposal to our mailing list in your area or write an article in *Earth First!* about your proposal (contact us for help on this). Stage a demonstration to dramatize the situation (see the May 1, 1985, *EF!* for inspiration from the Earth First!ers on the Bighorn National Forest in Wyoming).

Forests! (This does *not* include Federal, State and County rights-of-way.) The United States Forest Service manages more miles of road than other single governmental agency in the world.

Furthermore, Forest Service Chief Max Peterson estimates that during the next 15 years, the Forest Service will be wiping out between 1 and 2 million acres of roadless country per year. This means that by the end of the century, up to one-half of our remaining National Forest defacto wilderness could be gone.

Currently, about 1 1/2% of the land area of lower 48 states (32.3 million acres) is somewhat protected, via Wilderness designation, from road building, logging, and other forms of industrialization. If all remaining publicly owned wild lands (Forest Service, BLM, Park Service, Fish & Wildlife Service) were protected immediately, roughly 4 to 5% of the land area of the United States, outside of Alaska, would remain in a relatively natural condition. There is absolutely no rational excuse for *any* more road building in our National Forests. By hook or crook, utilizing all available legal and extra-legal means, the United States Forest Service must be stopped!

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Urge your members of Congress to oppose all Congressional appropriations for Forest Service road building. Urge them to support Wilderness designation for all remaining roadless areas, and urge them to develop and support legislation outlawing the timber "Purchaser Credit Program." (House of Representatives, Washington, DC, 20515; United States Senate, Washington, DC, 20510.)

Also, do lots of hiking along newly surveyed potential road corridors and proposed timber sale units after reading *Ecodefense*.

Howie Wolke has been fighting road building on the National Forests for over a decade. He lives in Jackson, Wyoming, and operates Wild Horizons Expeditions, a backpacking guide and outfitting service. His sources for this article included ***Report of the Forest Service, Fiscal Years 1980-83;*** *telephone conversations with "Deep Root;"* ***Roads to Ruin*** *by Jeff Sher in* ***American Forests Magazine,*** *April ,1985;* ***Earth First!;*** *and his files accumulated over the years.*

Green Mountain, Wyoming, clearcuts. Photo by Bart Koehler.

EARTH FIRST! APPEALS FREDDIE DESTRUCTION

Since the first of the year, Earth First! has been monitoring Forest Service development activities in RARE II areas in Montana, Idaho and Nevada, and appealing those which would destroy wilderness values in violation of the California RARE II decision by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. The following Forest Service projects have been stopped by Earth First! appeals:

*** Big Creek Timber Sale, Clearwater National Forest, Idaho**

*** Canyon Creek Timber Sale, Targhee National Forest, Idaho**

*** Trout Creek Timber Sale, Idaho Panhandle National Forests, Idaho**

*** Big Eightmile Timber Sale, Salmon National Forest, Idaho**

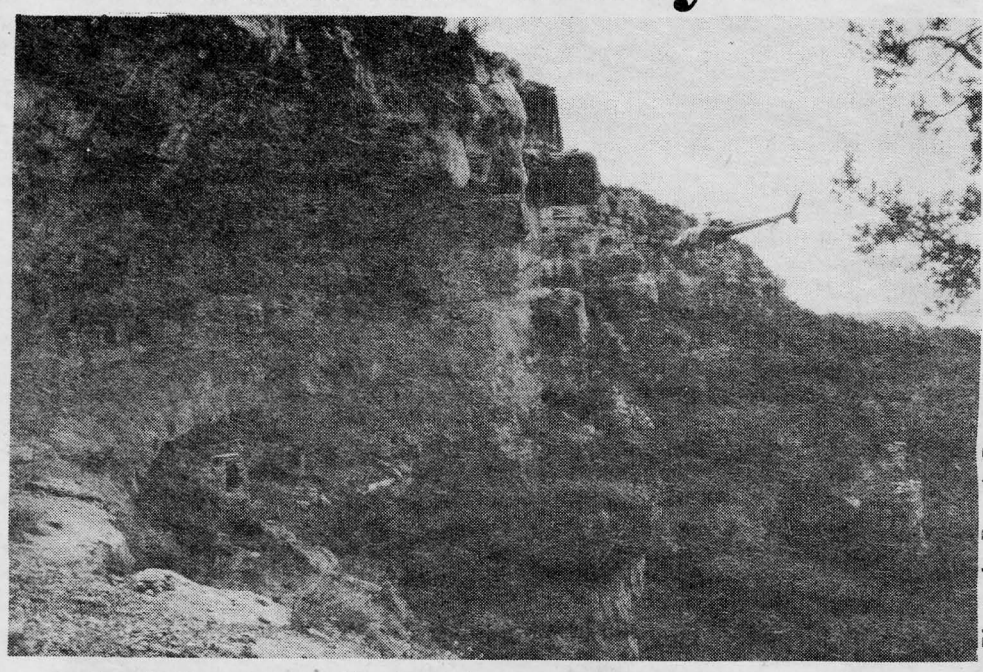
Other appeals are pending as of press time.

If you know of any pending Freddie destruction projects in RARE II areas in these states, please let Dave Foreman in Tucson know (just in case one slips through our fingers).

INFERNAL MACHINES IN THE WILDERNESS

Aircraft Out of Control in the Grand Canyon

By Dennis Brownridge



Photos by Dennis Brownridge.

A silence so profound that the whole colossal chaos of rock and space and color seemed to have sunk beneath it and to lie there cut off, timeless.
- Colin Fletcher, 1967

For generations, the magnificent quiet of the Grand Canyon impressed visitors almost as much as its colors, sunsets, and buttes. Colin Fletcher was so awed by it that the word "silence" appears ten times on just two pages of his popular journal of a 1963 Canyon trek. On a 1906 trip, novelist Zane Grey wrote, "One feature of this ever changing spectacle never changes — its eternal silence."

Alas, Zane Grey couldn't have been more wrong. If you've walked or rafted in the Canyon's backcountry lately, or just driven to undeveloped points along the rim, you know that silence, solitude, and serenity are things of the past. Why? Because our second largest western National Park — one of the least spoiled and most spectacular wildernesses in the lower 48 states — has been taken over by aircraft: tourist planes, helicopters, airliners, and even screaming jet fighters joyriding through the depths. They hover beside waterfalls, skim over the forested rims and saddles, reverberate through the amphitheaters, and circle endlessly around the buttes and temples. A 1978 Park Service survey recorded as many as 58 aircraft *an hour* in remote areas — that's one every 62 seconds! Their noise is audible as much as ninety-five percent of the time. It's not unusual to hear the drone of three or four machines at once. They may wake you up in the morning, or keep you up at night. The wildest parts of the Grand Canyon have more air traffic than many urban airports.

A north rim point, hailed for a century as the finest view spot in the Canyon, is like a scene from *Apocalypse Now*, as jet helicopters stack up waiting to roar in for a 6 second glimpse of some Anasazi granaries. Archaeologists fear the ruins may actually be skaken apart by the noise. Elsewhere there's concern about the effect of noise on endangered peregrine falcons nesting on the cliffs, and on bighorn sheep lambing areas. Park Service staffers admit it's the number one problem in the Park. No other problem affects virtually the entire area of a National Park, every day of the year.

Folks visiting the undeveloped ninety percent of the Park have grown increasingly irate. In the register at Toroweap Overlook, nearly everyone complains bitterly about the planes. In survey after survey, backcountry users have voiced their annoyance.

Perhaps you're thinking, what are man's noisiest motor vehicles doing in the wilderness of one of our great National Parks? That's a good question. You and I need a permit just to walk overnight in the Canyon, and must carry our dirty toilet paper out in a baggie. But anyone with the money or power to command an aircraft can use or abuse a Park, Wilderness Area, or other natural reserve in any way they want, as long as they don't touch the ground (and that prohibition is easy to circumvent). Pilots fly as low as they wish, wherever they feel like it, as often as they please, and if they're doing it for profit, charge whatever the traffic will bear. Unlike every other Park activity — from rafting and backpacking to casual auto touring or selling trinkets in the schlock shop, aircraft have no permits, pay no fees, are not concessionaires, and are not regulated or limited in any way, other than by minimal safety requirements. Aircraft have no legal authority to use the Park, although it's true no one told them they couldn't use it. They simply took it over by default.

Planes got a foothold in the Canyon in the 1930's, over the objections of legendary Park Service Chief Horace Albright. They became a serious problem in the 1960's, when a jetport was built at Tusayan just outside the Park, which flooded it with the kind of tourists who have lots of money and short attention spans. By then a new breed of Disneyland-minded administrator was running the Park, measuring prestige in ever-increasing visitor levels the way an economist worships the GNP.

By 1971, an EPA noise study found "an almost continuous intrusion at all sites" and concluded that aircraft were "clearly degrading the canyon experience for most people." What did the Park Service do? They signed a deceptive "gentleman's agreement" with air tour operators urging them to stay away from the two rim towns and heavily developed areas (about 5% of the Park), and concentrate their flights in the wilderness. Its purpose was to reduce complaints from Winnebago types who only spend a few minutes gazing into the depths from the paved overlooks, but who make up the bulk of the Canyon's visitors.

In the 1975 Act establishing the Park's present boundaries, an alarmed Congress specifically ordered the Park Service to "submit complaints, information, and recommendations" for controlling aircraft to "the Federal Aviation Administration, the EPA, and any other responsible agency or agencies." But the Park Service refused to comply with the law, as dozens of new operators from around the West hustled to get in on the bonanza.

Ten years later, carnival-style operators in Las Vegas and LA hawk quickie thrill rides through the Park as a break from the craps tables and glitter of The Strip. Tourists fly up and down the Canyon crammed in plexiglass cocoons, with taped muzak drowning out the engine noise while hokey narration hypes the "inaccessible wilderness" and "secret places, visible only from the air." They don't seem to notice the folks on the ground, hurling insults. "Face the silent cliffs of the Canyon," cry the promotional brochures in four languages, "Become one of the Spanish Explorers searching for Golden Cities." There's nothing in the brochures about frequent crashes, now a leading cause of death in the Canyon. It's a lucrative racket, with helicopters currently charging $130 an hour *per person*. That kind of money gives aircraft operators a lot of political clout.

Park Service administrators have tried to keep the whole issue quiet. Lower echelon employees are relectant to discuss it, presumably out of fear for their careers. Park officials have never given out information on the routes or number of flights. When pressed, they claim that aircraft perform a service for visitors, who can signal them with mirrors should they need help (every 62 seconds?), or that machines flying a mile below the rim are not actually "in" the Canyon, or that the Park Service has no authority over them. Their only action has been to conduct an occasional noise or visitor survey, documenting the continued degradation of the Park.

This summer or fall, however, the Park Service will propose some "mitigating strategies." They've done more noise monitoring, and have measured vibration at the ruins, inventoried aeries and lambing sites, and given out a new, loaded questionaire to visitors (noise is not mentioned). The results are summarized in massive documents which officials have so far refused to release to the public.

Rumor has it that the proposals will be little more than cosmetic gestures, even less effective than the now-ignored gentlemen's agreement. They'll probably recommend that planes fly a little higher in a few popular areas, or adjust routes slightly, or power up a little differently, or that operators buy quieter planes. Like the old agreement, any restrictions will be voluntary and unenforced. Park officials have met quietly with air operators since last year to find out what kind of token changes they're willing to make, and to take off the heat where complaints are greatest. "We're bending over backwards to avoid an adversarial relationship with the operators," admits one staffer. Administrators are trying to keep public involvement to a minimum, by withholding data and avoiding public meetings. They've refused to discuss the elimination of aircraft from the Park. "It's not an option we can consider; it's not even a goal as far as the park is concerned," says a staffer.

While Superintendents at other Parks (Yosemite and Glacier, for example) have worked to keep aircraft out, Grand Canyon Superintendent Dick Marks and his immediate underlings have consistently opposed any meaningful protection of the Park. An employee who helped write the new Backcountry Management Plan says Marks ordered the section on aircraft deleted. "Administrators think backcountry users are unimportant," says another ranger. Some say Park officials are cozy with Tusayan operators, who are prominent in local affairs. For many years, the same company has leased choppers and pilots to the Park, under a generous flat rate contract which appears to encourage the Park Service's own excessive use of helicopters. The public is led to believe that Park Service helicopters are used for rescues and medical emergencies, but most flights are for routine maintenance, ferrying employees to work, showing around VIPs, and all manner of frivolous "administrative" and "research" tasks that could be done as well on the ground — or not at all. Most employees are given free rides at one time or another. "The Supe loves to roar around in his chopper," says one ranger. "He'll never do anything about aircraft until the public forces him to."

Aircraft are an insidious problem that's crept up on us without the publicity of a cut-over forest or a massive dam — probably because you can't photograph noise. But they're threatening to compromise the very foundation of our Parks and Wildernesses, which were established expressly to preserve these national treasures in their natural state, free from the incessant clamor of machines and the unrestrained commercialism that aircraft represent. While the Grand Canyon is the hardest hit, it's not alone: Yosemite, Glacier, Bryce, Zion, Grand Teton, Canyonlands, Death Valley, Alaskan and Hawaiian Parks, the great Wilderness Areas of Idaho (see ***EF!*** **May 1, 1985**), and other reserves are beginning to report aircraft invasions. What happens at the Canyon in the next few months will undoubtedly set a precedent that will have repercussions in other areas. Urgently needed now are letters of concern bringing the issues to the attention of your representatives. Address them to the Park Superintendent, PO Box 129, Grand Canyon, AZ 86023 and send photocopies to your Senators (US Senate, Washington, DC 20510) and member of Congress (House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515).

Later on, direct action by Earth First! is a definite possibility.

Says former Grand Canyon ranger Ed Abbey: "I long for the day when all river runners carry, as part of their basic equipment, a light-weight portable anti-aircraft weapon armed with heat-seeking missiles."

Dennis Brownridge lives in Tucson, Arizona, and has been working on the aircraft issue in Grand Canyon for several years.

NATIVE CLAIMS

By Clod Funnstonn

Another scandalous threat to Alaska's Conservation System Units which is coming home to roost is Native allotments. Prior to 1971, when the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act repealed the Native Allotment program, a Native could apply for up to 160 acres based upon traditional use and occupancy. Of the more than 9,000 applications which were filed, 92% were filed within 19 months before repeal. At the end of 1983, there were 8,800 applications still pending involving 16,000 parcels totaling almost a million and a half acres. Approximately 900 of these are within the National Park System, 5,800 within the National Wildlife Refuge System, and the rest are scattered throughout the National Forests and the Public Domain lands.

The Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (ANILCA) approved most Native allotment applications for areas outside pre-ANILCA conservation units regardless of whether they were valid or not. This left roughly 600 within the Parks, and about 2,500 in the pre-ANILCA Refuges which remained subject fo further adjudication.

Critics charge that the Administration is rubber-stamping many of these allotments under pressure from the Natives and despite substantive evidence of abuse. Owing to a reversal of longstanding policy, it is almost impossible for the BLM to apply the use and occupancy test. Applications and affidavits are accepted at face value, and often conflict with field reports and other evidence. Applicants are routinely granted 160 acres rather than the amount of land which they have traditionally used or occupied; and it is not uncommon for individual family members to file for allotments in a chain around a lake or along a stream. There are no shoreline or submerged lands limitations, and most approved allotments contain no provision for public easements. Allotments are granted for the trivial activity of berry-picking which is permitted on federal lands anyway.

Notwithstanding procedural deficiencies and flagrant abuse, environmentalists are worried that Native allotments are an invitation for cancerous developments inside Parks and Refuges which will be almost impossible to buy out. Many applications were filed for speculative purposes; and critical areas adjacent to lakes and waterways are prime locations for subdivisions, lodges, hunting camps, and other commercial activities.

The National Park Service is the only agency which has undertaken a meaningful investigation of allotments. Although upwards to half of the 600 cases which have been reviewed are suspect, political pressures and lack of funds will probably prevent the challenging of all but a few. Some of the cases are outrageous.

A BLM field examiner moved an allotment from one side of a park to 20 miles into the park without the applicant's knowledge.

An applicant was given 160 acres after she had admitted that she had been there only two or three times.

A BLM field examiner and two relatives of a deceased applicant moved his allotment to an entirely new area, and then the boundaries of the relatives' own allotments were adjusted to include the deceased applicant's allotment including his cabin.

Heirs of an applicant have claimed the land beneath Brooks Camp in Katmai, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs has revived an allotment application for a 150 acre parcel in Glacier Bay which the NPS thought was settled 40 years ago.

The NPS has even had to file a Freedom of Information Act request with the Bureau of Indian Affairs to obtain some case files. In fox watching hen house fashion, the BIA has turned over the files to the Council of the Tanana Chiefs, a native organization which serves the area where the allotments are.

As former Senator Paul Tsongas would say when he was championing the cause of Alaska wild places: "It's time to shoot the alligator!"

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GRASSROOTS EARTH FIRST! – AN ATTEMPTED EXPLANATION

The grassroots structure of Earth First! is partly that of a movement and partly that of a specific organization. It ranges from active, functioning Earth First! groups covering an entire state or region (such as New Mexico EF!, Florida EF!, San Francisco Bay Area EF! or Missoula EF!) to more or less affiliated groups (such as the Southern Utah Wilderness Association, Western Colorado State College Whitewater Club or Appalachian Survival). Some of these groups put out their own newsletters or regular mailings, some have meetings, all do things. There are also a number of areas where there is not an actual EF! group but where there is a local contact for EF!. There are others that fall somewhere in between. If you want to become locally active with Earth First!, contact the person listed for your area (this listing makes no effort at division of actual groups and contacts). If no one is listed for your area, and you would like to be a local contact or have a local EF! group listed, please send your name, address and phone number to Earth First!

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LOCAL GROUP COORDINATION

Although Earth First! is more of a movement than a formal organization and all Earth First! local, state or regional groups are independent, there is still a need for some central coordination and communication. Marcy Willow, Associate Editor of *Earth First!*, is offering to serve that clearinghouse function. She will be in charge of updating the Earth First! Directory page and all address changes and new contacts should be sent to Marcy. She will send out periodic memos to local contacts with suggestions for organizing and action. Reports for publication in *Earth First!* on activities of local EF! groups should also be sent to Marcy instead of directly to the newspaper. Contact Marcy at: Oregon Earth First! POB 3953, Eugene, OR 97403 (503) 343-2048. Requests for additional copies of *Earth First!* to distribute or for wholesale orders of EF! T-shirts, hats, bumperstickers, etc., for local EF! groups to sell should still be sent to Nancy Morton c/o the *Earth First!* newspaper.

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NEMESIS NEWS NET

By Australopithicus

Wildlife Rehabilitator's Computer Bulletin Board Opens

Wildlife Rescue, Inc. has begun a computer bulletin board service with a data base consisting of information on care and rehabilitation of orphaned and injured wildlife. Persons needing help with caring for wildlife should call 512-836-0915 (between 9 AM and 9 PM central time) or 512-836-6881 (24 hours a day, 7 days a week). The address for this new service is : KYFHO WILDLIFE BBS, POB 15223, Austin, TX 78761.

Bureau of Land Manglement Claims Mining and Drilling Agencies as Constituency

Colorado BLM director Kannon Richards recently stated what deep ecologists have long known: oil, gas, and mining industries form the BLM's "constituency." Richards also said that the US Forest Service does not have such a close relationship with mining and drilling industries. Richards supports the 35 million acre BLM/USFS land swap because it would reduce the number of places where BLM and USFS share boundaries. In short, Richards sees the land swap as being a means of helping the BLM better serve its constituency, i.e. promote mining and drilling. The current status of this BLM/USFS land swap proposal is uncertain, but the Reaganites continue to push for it.

Greenpeace Divers Plug Discharge Outlets

Greenpeace divers succeeded in plugging 15 of 50 outlets in a New Jersey pipeline that vomits forth 4 million gallons per day of chemical waste into the Atlantic Ocean. The divers used cement and metal bowls to plug outlets until choppy waters forced them to stop. A representative of the culprit company — Ciba Geigy — stated that the state Department of Environmental Protection allows them to discharge lead, chromium, mercury, nitrobenzene, and chlorinated hydrocarbons into the ocean.

Watt's Scandalous Coal Sale Nullified

In late May, US District Judge James Battin declared void the infamous sale, engineered by James Watt, of rights to mine 363 million tons of coal on public lands in the Powder River Basin of southeastern Montana. Judge Battin ruled that the Department of the Inferior did not adequately address social and economic effects on the Northern Cheyenne Indian Tribe in its environmental impact statement (EIS). The Inferior Department may now rewrite its EIS or may appeal the decision, but Battin's decision will at least delay the despoilation of the Powder River Basin.

CBC Radio Cancels "Our Native Land"

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has canceled the only program in national media which dealt exclusively with issues of the native peoples of North America, and which sought to educate the public on Native issues. Those wishing to object to this cancellation should write to: Pierre Juneau, President, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 1500 Bronson Av., Box 8478, Ottawa, Ont. K1G 3J5 Canada. Canadians may also wish to write to their M.P. and/or to the federal Minister of Communications, Marcel Hasse , House of Commons, Ottawa K1A 1A6.

Gulls Return to Mono Lake's Negit Island

Until 1979, upwards of 30,000 California gulls nested on Negit Island. In 1979, diversions of water by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power (LADWP) lowered the level of Mono Lake, leading to the exposure of a landbridge from mainland to Negit Island. Coyotes crossed this bridge and preyed on eggs and chicks, forcing the gulls to move small islets in Mono Lake where crowded conditions damaged the gulls' reproductive survival rates. Additionally, Mono Lake's brine shrimp population declined 85-95% by 1981, further endangering California gulls and millions of other birds dependent upon brine shrimp as their food. In short, by 1981 Mono Lake was dying. Fortunately, wet winters since 1982 have, for a time, reversed this trend, and this year gulls returned to Negit Island. Meanwhile, Congress prepared to vote in June on appropriating funds to study the impacts of water diversions on Mono Lake. The good news brought by wet winters may not last: LADWP diversions are expected to lower Mono Lake 12 to 18 inches this year. Persons wanting to join the fight to save Mono Lake can contact the Mono Lake Committee, POB 29, Lee Vining, CA 93541 (619-647-6386).

Asian Groups Seek End of Industrial Disasters

Two Asian environmental groups, Asia-Pacific People's Environmental Network (APPEN) and Sahabat Alam Malaysia, seek to combat the dismaying number of industrial disasters (e.g. Bhopal) by calling for an international condemnation of irresponsible multinational corporations and international monitoring of all hazardous chemicals. APPEN and Sahabat Alam ask citizens of countries which export chemicals banned within their own countries to pressure their governments to stop allowing the exportation of these banned chemicals. APPEN and Sahabat Alam would like information on these issues and on actions taken on these issues. Send info, press clippings, etc. to APPEN, c/o Sahabat Alam Malaysia, 37, Lorong Birch, Penang, West Malaysia.

Freddies Make War on Indians and Black Hills

The Lakota Indian community, Yellow Thunder Camp, in South Dakota's Black Hills is on land legally and unjustly owned by the US Forest Service. The Forest Circus is seeking to eradicate this small traditional enclave of Indian culture to build a gravel pit which will help meet government wishes for roads to facilitate uranium mining in the Black Hills. The feds threatened military force to remove the camp but have chosen instead to use the courts in order not to evoke a public outcry. Reading the sordid details of this issue quickly makes one realize that Peter Mathiesson, author of *Indian Country,* is correct in accusing the government of practicing genocide against this country's native peoples. The American Indian Treaty Council is seeking contributions (tax-deductible unless Reagan succeeds in striking a major blow against public-interest groups by eliminating such deductions) to help Yellow Thunder Camp fight the government's evil plans. Contributions can be sent to 444 Crazy Horse Dr., Porcupine, SD 57772.

More Bad News for Mother Earth

A brief look at recent newspapers reveals a number of dismal events: The Arizona Power Authority approved a plan to allow new power from Hoover Dam to be sold to help pay for the Central Arizona Project. Palo Verde Nuclear Generating Station is now starting operations. Arizona is revitalizing a proposal for a Grand Canyon Dam. Dam builders also want to do their ghastly work on the lower Gila River in New Mexico. The EPA (Environmental Prostitution Agency) intends to lift the ban on the poison 1080 on public lands. Minnesota legislators sent Reagan a letter asking him to immediately end the ban on motorboats on boundary waters shared by Minnesota and Ontario. Mexico and Guatemala are exploring the possibility of building a huge dam on the Rio Usumacinta, the river separating the 2 countries. Such a dam would cause the flooding of thousands of acres of rainforests and unique archaeological sites.

To Conclude Nemesis on a Good Note

The aerial gunning of wolves in Alaska has been halted, at least until further review of this scandalous slaughter.

4 CORNERS RESOURCE GUIDE

The producers of *THE FOUR CORNERS; A National Sacrifice Area?*, the award-winning film on the cultural and ecological impacts of the energy development in the American Southwest, have now written a thorough update on the current situation in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. The *Resource Guide* covers major issues confronting the Four Corners, including:

*Birth defects and uranium mining
*Acid rain in the Rockies
*Nuclear waste dump and tar sands in Canyonlands
*Threats to the Grand Canyon from uranium mining and the Hualapai Dam.
*Human costs of the energy boom-bust cycle
*Proposed powerplant and stripmine on Navajo land between Chaco Canyon and Bisti Badlands Wilderness Area

The Resource Guide provides suggestions about how individuals can get involved in helping to solve some of these problems. It also lists citizens' groups which can provide more information on each of the specific issues.

Copies will be available in July 1985 and can be purchased for $3.50 from Four Corners Films, PO Box C-151, La Honda, CA 94020. Bulk rates are available.

ELF BUSTERS

The Memorial Day witnesses at the US Navy's Project ELF site in Michigan's Upper Peninsula resulted in a three to zero score in favor of the ELF Busters. On Memorial Day, 56 "peace elves" (one for every mile of deadly transmitter cable) gathered in the woods at the ELF site for a memorial service. An alternative peace transmitter was constructed out of small log poles and messages of peace and disarmament were strung from its wires. A tombstone replica was erected which stated: "In remembrance of the millions of innocent non-combatant victims of war . . . and for those millions of people, both civilian and military who are the intended victims of nuclear weapons which this ELF device could trigger." The service concluded with personal messages, the breaking of bread and songs of celebration.

The next witness at the ELF site occured at dawn the next day as John Sherman-Jones, Kurt Miron, Jeff Leys, Charles Turvey and the alternative peace antenna stood steadfast in front of the construction site access road and in the spirit of International Law could not let the workers continue construction of this nuclear war orchestrator. They were promptly arrested and formally charged with disturbing the peace. The four pled not guilty to the charge and requested a jury trial in order to prove the absolute necessity of their actions. The four are free on personal recognizance and the alternative peace transmitter was dealt a lethal blow by a malicious tow truck.

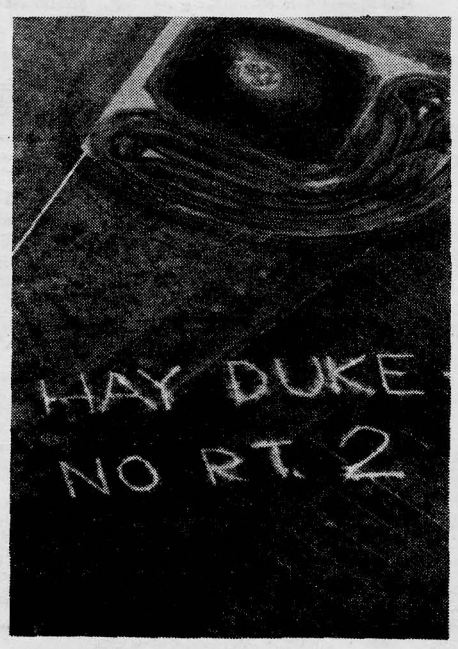
The hat trick was made complete by veteran ELF Buster Tom Hastings as he personally disarmed the massive ELF system by felling a transmitter pole with his faithful swedish hand saw. After completing his disarmament mission, Tom drove to Marquette to first give an interview to the local Public Radio affiliate then delivered a piece of the pole to Congressman Bob Davis's office and proceeded directly to the local authorities to take full responsibility for the action.

The ELF Busters actions this memorable weekend have been preceded by over twenty years of opposition to this First Strike Nuclear War Trigger. The powers of the Legislative and Executive branches of our government have been used to their fullest. The Navy and the President (Carter) promised the people that the system would not be built against their wishes. The citizens voted 55,043 to 12,271 to banish it. The governor exercised his veto privilege. President Carter ordered the project ended. Today the transmitting system is proceeding at full pace. The five resisters arrested are pursuing the last check available to them, the judiciary.

The risks they take are great. When compared to the risks we take collectively in allowing this destabilizing system to be built and the arms race to continue, their risks are very small.

HAYDUKE'S UNCLAIMED CHILDREN SAY IT WITH LIME

By Robert Streeter

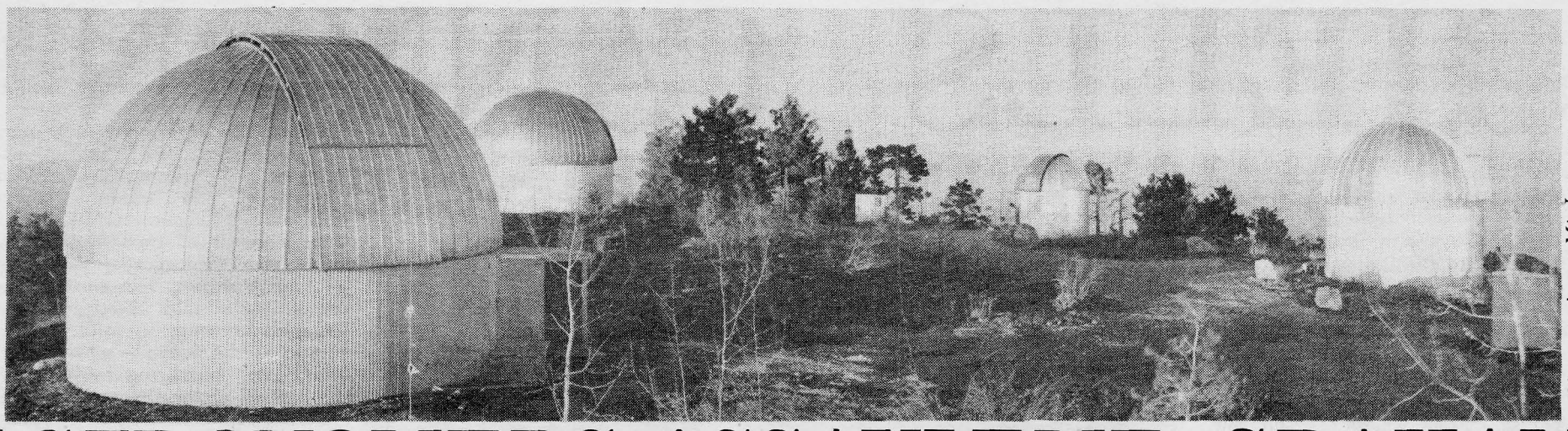


As Governor Michael "Duke" Dukakis descended by helicopter into Greenfield, Massachusetts, on the morning of May 7,1985, he was greeted by what may be the largest political graffiti ever. "Hay Duke - No Route 2" was written across right field of Greenfield Senior High School's baseball field in letters measuring 15 by 20 feet.

The message alluded to the Governor's 1983 decision to re-route a six-mile section of Massachusetts Route 2 through an undeveloped mountainside in the Wendell State Forest. That decision has met with stiff opposition from both state and national environmental organizations, including the Governor's own advisory council to the state Department of Fisheries and Wildlife.

"Hayduke's Unclaimed Children" have taken responsibility for the graffiti. Frantic employees of the Greenfield Department of Public Works tried in vain to erase the message with an assortment of rakes.

The ecologically sound graffiti was printed with 700 pounds of lime in order to help the field in its constant battle with acid rain. This method was chosen in the spirit of fighting two environmental problems with one stone. Lime, that is.



Observatories on Mt. Lemmon.

ASTRONOMERS ASSAULT MT. GRAHAM

By Anger Birdman

Mt. Graham, also known as the Pinaleno Mountains, is part of the Coronado National Forest and is one of a scattered group of unusual "sky islands" that rise up suddenly from the surrounding flat desert and desert grassland of southeastern Arizona. Mt. Graham juts abruptly to a height of 10,700 feet, almost eight thousand feet higher than the surrounding valley floor. It is one of the greatest elevation changes in the United States, the fourth highest point in Arizona, and a stunning, overpowering backdrop to the towns of Safford, Pima and Thatcher. Like a beacon towering over all, its mighty profile lifts upward the spirits of the 12,000 lucky people who reside in the beautiful Gila Valley below.

It's hard to imagine that anyone would want to spoil this magnificent landmark that is the pride of Graham County and southeastern Arizona, but it's true. These particular spoilers are not novices at this kind of destruction but have previously laid waste to five other nearby mountains in their ongoing march of devastation. I am speaking of the various groups of astronomers including the University of Arizona's Steward Observatory, the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Kitt Peak National Observatory, and the National Optical Astronomy Observatories, among others who have already victimized other southeastern Arizona peaks including Mt. Lemmon, Mt. Bigelow, Mt. Hopkins, Kitt Peak, and Tumamoc Hill.

The Coronado National Forest's Land Management Plan, due to be released around the middle of June, will include the plans for the astronomers' ruinous mini-city smack dab in the middle of the High Peak-Hawk Peak beautiful spruce-fir forest on Mt. Graham. Included are plans for eighteen optical instruments or radiotelescopes plus seven support buildings, parking lots, a tram, sidewalks, and a railroad track for moving a giant device. In addition, this maze of destruction would be centered in a restricted 3500 acre exclusive preserve for the star-gazers in the National Forest.

Mt. Graham's primary assailant is the University of Arizona, in Tucson, whose Steward Observatory is conducting development and promotion. Promotion it has been, with a full-time salesperson, Lauray Yule, pumping up the project in Graham County for the Steward Observatory. Her one-sided slide presentation and talk originally generated unquestioning support from many locals, but now due to continued efforts from some aware people and an educational group locally, the tide has turned. Former supporters of the project are now rejecting the proposal or at least questioning the need, extent, or supposed benefits of it to the area economy.

At stake is a fragile and remarkably diverse Hudsonian ecosystem, teeming with western North America's richest population of Black Bear. Their dense population numbers 150 across the Pinaleno Range and the flattish, broad mountaintop where the astro-developers want to build is an essential habitat in the bears' spring ranging patterns. The endemic Mt. Graham Red Squirrel and Mt. Graham Longtailed Vole inhabit the wild Engelmann spruce, subalpine and corkbark fir forest. The endangered Spotted Owl (particularly sensitive to human activity), rare Goshawk, plus the protected Twin-spotted Rattlesnake are all found in this relict Ice Age environment. Biologists fear that if the forest canopy is once destroyed, it will not come back because of climatic changes over the last ten thousand years. Mt. Graham is a exceptionally fragile environment that must be left alone.

Most of the range is a Congressionally-designated Wilderness Study Area and qualifies for Wilderness designation despite a little-traveled road to the summit. The presence of the road seems to be the major attraction to the star-gazers, although they claim that other conditions make the site desirable. An attempt is being made to trade off the exceedingly steep flanks of the range as a Wilderness in exchange for the astrophysical area at the top. We won't fall for this as it is obviously the top which needs protection from such degraders.

A Safford based educational group, the Mt. Graham Boosters, has done much to raise the level of public awareness of what the plan actually includes. This group became necessary when the local weekly newspaper and the area's three radio stations all fell into the pocket of Ms. Yule and have since painted a biased picture of the entire scheme.

A war of letters to the editor has succeeded in bringing the issue to public debate which has done much to dispel many of the rumors and half-truths the observatory developers had disseminated. Intensive lobbying with the Forest Service has produced some good communication. Opponents have even been able to provide the Forest Service with enlightening Steward Observatory documents that had been withheld from the USFS by the observatory people because they were too revealing about actual motives, options and strategies.

Although our strategy has been based on informational tactics and public relations, direct action has not been ruled out as an alternative if necessary to oppose the destruction. An EIS is being prepared but will not be released until September or later, presumably after the initial 90 day public comment period on the Land Management Plan is closed. We must not wait until then to express our outrage on this very serious attack on one of the Southwest's finest wild mountains. Letters opposing this massive assault are desperately needed now. Please write to:

Mr. Robert Tippeconnic
Forest Supervisor
Coronado National Forest
301 W. Congress
Tucson, AZ 85701

Letters are also needed to oppose the year-around opening and snowplowing of the road up the mountain (State Route 366, known as the Swift Trail). They should be directed to:

Mr. Walter Ford
Director of Highways
AZ Dept. of Transportation
Phoenix, AZ 85007

Also helpful are letters of oppostion to:

The Hon. James Kolbe
House of Reprsentatives
Washington, DC 20515

ARIZONA EF! RENDEZVOUS ON MT. GRAHAM

Arizona Earth First!ers are planning a field trip and campout on Mt. Graham the weekend of July 26-27 to discuss possible issues for Earth First! in Arizona and to inspect the Mt. Graham observatory site. Contact 602-622-1371 for details after July 10.

Mt. Graham. Photo by Dave Foreman.

COWPIES KILL NEVADA ELK REINTRODUCTION

A proposal to reintroduce native elk into the Jarbidge Wilderness of Nevada (reported in the Eostar *EF!*) has been dropped by the Nevada Department of Fish and Wildlife after 13 years of planning.

The Earth First! Rumor and Innuendo Department has learned that a handful of ranchers from both sides of the Idaho-Nevada border had the proposal killed, in spite of widespread support for the elk from conservationists in both states. (Former president of the National Cattlemen's Association, Bill Swan, who fancies himself in the role of the leader of the landed gentry of the West, is supposed to have played a key role in this.)

Nevada legislators were rumored to have threatened the Nevada Department of Fish and Wildlife with reprisals if the reintroduction occured.

Elk were once abundant in the Idaho counties bordering Nevada. Unrestricted livestock grazing, as well as unofficial and illegal extermination by ranchers only 20 and 30 years ago, have destroyed the elk except for a tiny herd of about 30 animals in a remote area of Owyhee County, Idaho. Indeed the cry: "Where are the Owyhee Elk?" has become a battle slogan of Idaho's Bunchgrass Rebellion. The Jarbidge country around Elk Mountain is Nevada's largest and best habitat for reestablishing elk.

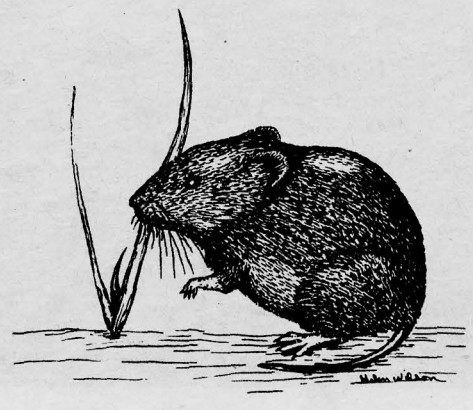
Nevada Department of Wildlife studies have shown that as many 400 elk could live in the Jarbidge Mountains and the surrounding desert without impacting livestock forage on the public's range used by area ranchers. The Jarbidge Resource Management Plan released late last year by the BLM in Idaho states that rancher use of these public ranges contributes only about one fourth of one percent (0.26%) to the total income of the surrounding three counties. The 400 elk would equal or exceed the value of area livestock while consuming less forage. But Nevada communities that could expect to benefit from hunting and tourism due to the elk were coerced into opposing the reintroduction, in the sleazy manner we have come to expect from the public grazing industry.

The Bruneau-Jarbidge River is one of the longest surviving un-damned rivers in the arid West. Before the damns on the Snake River, the Bruneau-Jarbidge was an outstanding steelhead river as well as home to ocean-going salmon and sturgeon. Most people are surprised to learn that northeastern Nevada had a salmon and steelhead run until 1902.

The Jarbidge Mountains are where the Northern Rocky Mountain ecological province, the Basin and Range province, and the Columbia Plateau meet. It is home to many rare plants and unique animal forms. Deep ecology conservationists in Idaho consider the reestablishment of a complete native ecology in the Jarbidge to be a vital link toward preserving a web of life between Idaho and Nevada.

A rally in the Jarbidge Wilderness is being considered for this summer to map strategies to complete the Jarbidge ecology. Consult the directory for Idaho and Nevada EF! contacts.

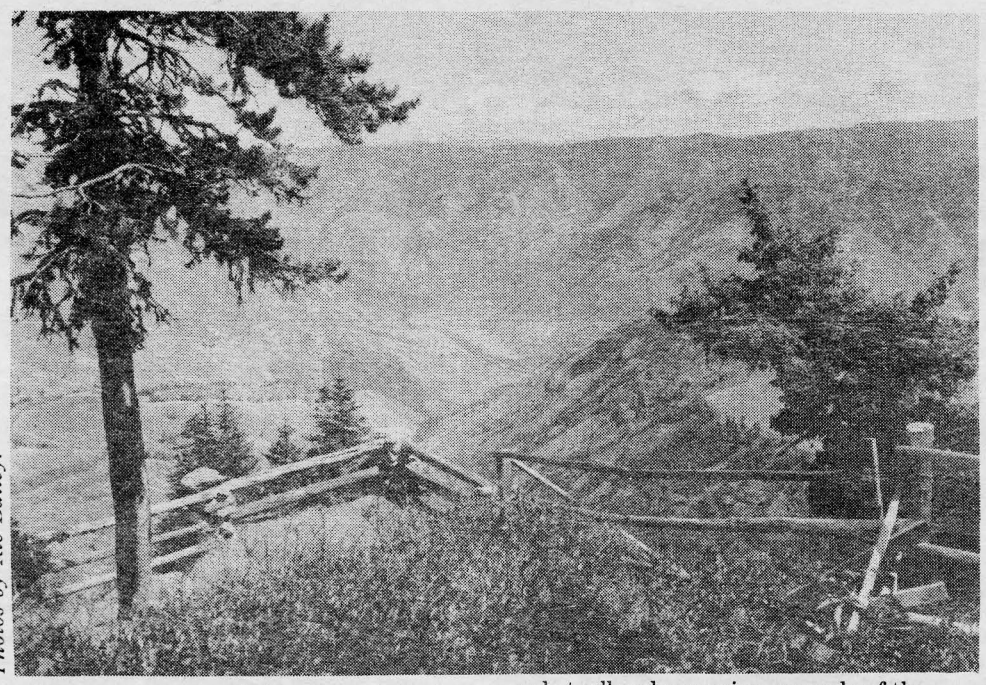
Sportsmen in Idaho pay fifteen times more for hunting and fishing licenses than all the ranchers on BLM lands in Idaho (1/4 of the state) pay in federal grazing fees. A letter to sissy Nevada and Idaho hunter groups might shame them into taking on the ranchers for the benefit of elk in the Jarbidge.



HELLS CANYON

Freddies' Diabolical Schemes

By Ric Bailey



Photos by Ric Bailey.

One hundred and eight years ago, Chief Joseph cast down his weapon as he stood upon the hallowed soil of his homeland, and uttered the immortal phrase, "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever." Thus ended the war between the Nez Perce and the United States Cavalry, and so began the renowned flight of the Nez Perce. Forsaking their beloved Wallowa and Salmon River valleys, they embarked on a 1400 mile long journey in which the entire tribe, including children and the elderly, outran the pursuing cavalry by engaging in what have since been termed the most innovative and effective tactical manuevers in military history.

In spite of these brilliant evasive techniques, the Nez Perce were captured 10 miles from the Canadian border, and shipped off to a reservation far from their sacred homeland, which had already been usurped by the white man.

Despite the fate of the land at the hands of the whites, the invincible spirit of the Nez Perce still dwells in the Hells Canyon Country (the tribe's former wintering grounds) like the rumor of an unquiet past. Their artifacts and homesites can be found in many places.

It is this mixture of the relative wildness of the land, and the gentle inscriptions of an older culture which weaves the thread of mysticism in Hells Canyon. An excursion into these canyons in the waning days of Autumn is a particulary moving experience.

The *Guinness Book of World Records* refers to Hells Canyon (the gorge carved by the Lower Snake River) in no uncertain terms as "The deepest exposed canyon on Earth." The place goes beyond this statement, however. Hells Canyon and the adjoining glacially-sculpted countryside, reaching from Idaho's Rapid River west to Oregon's Big Sheep Creek, most of which is contained in the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area, is a powerful yet tranquil environment. A magical one.

A typical trip into the Hells Canyon Country finds the adventurer laboring through deep narrow canyons beside swift rivercourses, looking skyward to view huge basalt cliffs which are treeless but flecked with wildlflowers of many kinds, pocked with caves and abutted with tortuous rock formations; then suddenly breaking into forested upland dells of fir, pine, larch; finally rising to high plateaus offering panoramic vistas of surrounding vast grasslands dotted with huge old growth Ponderosa pine. A few hot springs are hidden in the folds of the land.

Elevations range from under 1,000 feet to over 9,000 feet above sea level. In every corner of this rugged landscape, from the lake-dotted high alpine terrain of the Seven Devils Mountains to the fertile lowland valley of the Imnaha River, there is an irrepressible feeling of vastness.

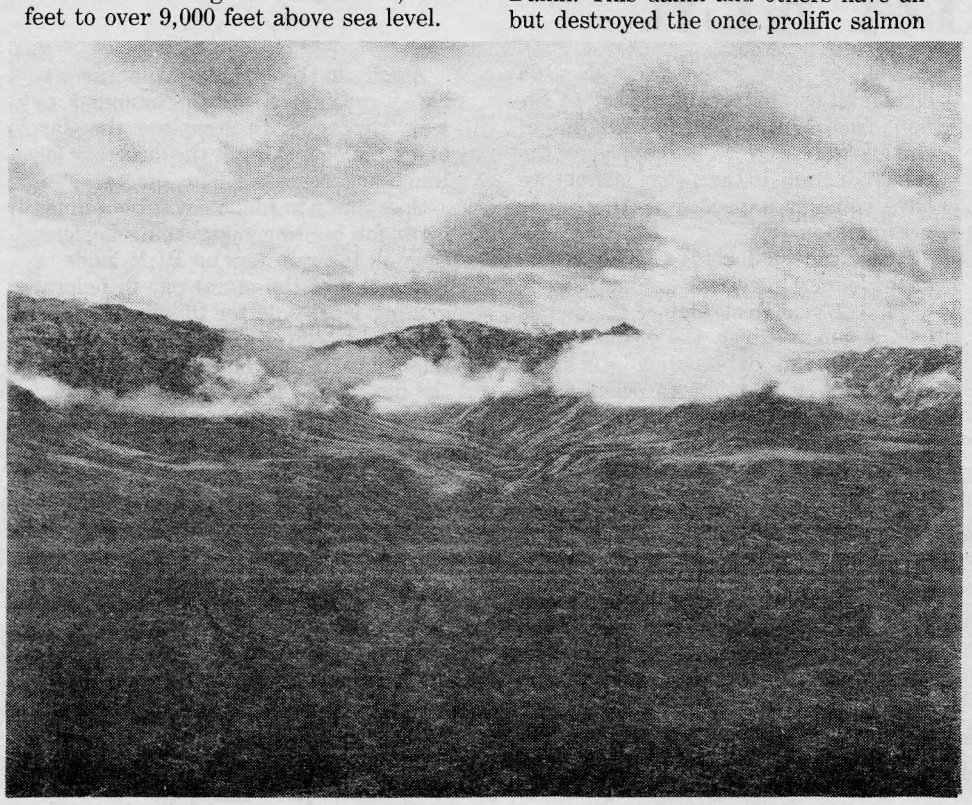
Hells Canyon supports an amazing abundance and variety of wildlife (elk outnumber humans 3 to 1 in Wallowa County), including one of the largest populations of cougars in the United States. Few who linger in the area will go without spotting one of the peculiar cinnamon-colored bears which dwell there. There have been some "unofficial" sightings of moose which have been thought to be long departed from all regions of Oregon. There are mountain goats and bighorn sheep, bald and golden eagles, hawks, woodpeckers, and owls (including several which are endangered). There are also wolverines, badgers, bobcats, and rattlesnakes aplenty.

Simply put, the Hells Canyon Ecosystem represents the finest undisturbed habitat and best potential for the reintroduction of formerly native species in Oregon.

Hells Canyon also contains some of the finest grasslands west of the Continental Divide, and botanists have identified 24 species of plants that are indigenous to the Hells Canyon Ecosystem.

The evil nomenclature that has been attached to the area ("Hells" Canyon, Seven "Devils" Mountains, etc.) is largely a reference, both by Indians and whites, inspired by its ruggedness and lack of willingness to be dominated or tamed. But the reckless hordes of industry have left their disgusting spoor.

Perhaps the most awe-inspiring stretches of Hells Canyon are submerged behind the cold gargantuan slab of concrete called Hells Canyon Damn. This damn and others have all but destroyed the once prolific salmon and steelhead spawning grounds of the Middle Snake River and its tributaries. (In 1958, the fall run of chinook salmon encountered the brand new Oxbow Damn on the Snake. They were unable to pass the new obstruction. Over 95% of the run, upwards of 10,000 fish, were destroyed in a single day.) Many of the most sacred places in the area are accessible by motor vehicle, and jet boats bellow and fume up the Snake River. Cattle infest virtually all of the grasslands, and artifact thieves, aided by easy vehicle access, have illegally pillaged many cultural resource sites. Old mine shafts are present, and stumps and log decks from past timber sales lie like forgotten corpses on the edges of canyons.



This thoughtless industrial attack would have continued unchecked if not for the intervention in 1975 of the US Congress, led by Oregon Senator Bob Packwood, which stopped the fast train of destruction in its tracks just as ranchers were selling off their holdings to resort developers and hyro developers were pushing for an additional 700 foot high damn.

On December 31, 1975, after one of the most prolonged and emotional environmental battles in American history, President Gerald Ford signed into law the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area Act, which affected roughly 660,000 acres of predominantly wild land (194,000 acres were designated Wilderness, and 22,000 acres have since been added in the 1984 Oregon Wilderness Act) in Oregon and Idaho.

Since that time, this spectacular landscape has remained relatively unchanged, with the exception of Forest Service efforts to milk off as much timber from the area as they can get away with. The most obvious evidence of this is that the Forest Service has sold more timber annually from the area after its designation as a Recreation Area than they did before.

Now the Freddies, in cooperation with Boise Cascade Corporation, plan to perform additional surgery with the new "Hells Canyon Recreation Area Management Plan" (recently revised by John Crowell before he left office as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture). In direct defiance of the Congressional mandate, Crowell gave the green light to the previously prohibited (within the NRA) practice of shelterwood timber harvest (two-stage clearcuts), and allowed for increased roadbuilding and a basic departure from recreation management to the typical present day brand of chainsaw-dominated "multiple use."

Crowell's plan would also leave open an option for increased logging and grazing on the remaining 300,000 acres of defacto wilderness, most of which is currently classified as "dispersed recreation-native vegetation" — an allocation that was originally written into the NRA act as a compromise between Wilderness designation and multiple use management. So much for compromise.

As a result of Crowell's actions, former plans for logging (prior to the NRA act) are being reincarnated. Seventeen timber sales affecting 7 roadless areas are currently in the works, with some expected to be cut this year. Additionally, some areas "freed up" by the passage of the Oregon statewide Wilderness bill are also on the chopping block, including some of the jewels of the Hells Canyon Country.

The Lake Fork Roadless Area is an emerald in the lap of the land. It is one of the most densely forested areas east of the Cascade Mountains and is the keystone to link the Hells Canyon and Eagle Cap Wildernesses into a single unbroken expanse. The area is controversial because most of it lies outside the NRA boundary and because it contains nearly 40% of the marketable timber in the area. Amazingly, mainline conservation groups have bickered over the need to protect it. Protection of this spectacular ecotone joining the grassy gorges of Hells Canyon and the high granite peaks of the Wallowa Mountains *is* essential. Timber sales planned for it would lace the area with 130 miles of new roads.

To the north, Joseph Canyon, which lies outside the NRA boundary, waits like an orphan in the wake of the Oregon statewide bill. Senator Hatfield denied protection to the area (which is the birthplace of Chief Joseph) even though the company which holds the rights to the timber (per the Forest Service's hideous 24,000 acre Nells-Swamp Timber Sale) wrote Hatfield stating that the area should be designated Wilderness in the state bill. Logging is expected to commence this fall.

In the midst of the Hells Canyon region is the 110,000 acre Lord Flat Roadless Area, the largest unbroken tract of wild land in the NRA, and one of the two largest tracts of unprotected wilderness in Oregon. Most of Lord Flat was designated as a wilderness study area in the NRA act, but the Forest Service recommended that it not be protected. Two timber sales are planned here.

Forest Service plans for Hells Canyon epitomize the old adage that "either it'll be Wilderness, or it'll be stumps." It is obviously not enough to be a National Recreation Area. Wilderness designation, and the advent of wilderness recovery zones is the only answer for the protection and restoration of this priceless natural wonder.

Oregon Earth First! has formulated a legislative proposal for Hells Canyon to achieve these objectives. Some of the major goals of the proposal are:

* Designation of 790,000 acres of Wilderness and wilderness recovery zones (in both Oregon and Idaho);
* Dismantlement of Hells Canyon Damn;
* Immediate termination of livestock grazing within the Wilderness Area;
* Reintroduction of formerly native wildlife species including bison, grizzly, and wolf;
* Federal purchase of all valid mining claims.

The proposed wilderness recovery zones, totaling 285,000 acres, would essentially close all the roads which separate the 12 roadless areas which make up most of the NRA and would allow the natural rejuvination of some key peripheral areas which have been selectively logged.

The controversial issue of wilderness recovery zones seems to be a question of whether or not conservationists will allow the permanent relegation of formerly wild lands to continued development (resulting in continued impairment of surrounding wild areas) after initial encroachment in the area. It is unfortunate that the doctine which upholds the eradication of much of what little wilderness remains is generally accepted, even among conservationists, while the reverse idea of allowing natural restoration of substantial tracts of previously developed areas is generally viewed as radical. As wild landscapes

continue to disappear, so too must this destructive myth.

The Oregon Earth First! proposal for removal of Hells Canyon Damn to allow the restoration of anadromous fish habitat, and some of the finest whitewater in the lower 48, may well prove to be the first serious legislative campaign for the elimination of a major hydro project. We estimate that the demolition of the damn could put more people to work than could be employed in the wholesale logging of the NRA. The Idaho Power Company has enjoyed 20 years of subsidy in this ecological catastrophe. There is no reason for it to continue. There are indications that many local individuals and even some agencies would (privately) support such a proposition.

The issue of damns in Hells Canyon was probably best summed up by Walter Hickel, former Interior Secretary under President Nixon: "Maybe we should study which of the dams already built should be dismantled."

Federal buyout of mining claims and elimination of all livestock grazing allotments should become a routine part of all future Wilderness legislation to counteract loopholes in the Wilderness Act. (Mining claimants should be compensated only for current costs of administration and investment, not for the full potential of the mineral resource.)

EARTH FIRST! HELLS CANYON PROPOSAL

Existing Hells Canyon Wilderness (OR & ID) 216,000 acres
Existing Eagle Cap Wilderness 360,000 acres
Unprotected Wild Land, Hells Canyon Periphery 505,000 acres
Unprotected Wild Land, Eagle Cap Periphery 95,000 acres
Total Wild Land 1,176,000 acres
Existing Snake Wild & Scenic River 59 miles
Proposed Snake River Wild & Scenic River Extension 34 miles
Proposed Imnaha Wild & Scenic River 52 miles

Earth First! Proposed Wilderness Recovery Zones
Eagle Cap 200,000 acres
Hells Canyon 285,000 acres
Total Earth First! Proposed Nez Perce Wilderness 1,661,000 acres

Earth First! Proposed Hells Canyon Preservation Act

1) Addition of 790,000 acres to the existing Hells Canyon Wilderness, of which 285,000 acres include road closures and wilderness recovery zones. Recovery zones shall be left open to agency motor vehicles for a period of two years after enactment to facilitate the removal of powerlines, cattle guards, and other structures.

2) Designation of a 52 mile long Imnaha Wild & Scenic River from Olokott Campground to the confluence with Cow Creek, and a 33 mile long Snake River Wild & Scenic River extension.

3) Immediate termination of all livestock grazing within the Wilderness Area.

4) Federal purchase of all valid mining claims within the Wilderness Area.

5) Dismantlement of Hells Canyon Damn.

6) Reintroduction of formerly indigenous wildlife species, in conjunction with the Oregon Department of Fish & Wildlife.

7) Offer to private landowners along the Imnaha River for federal purchase of their land for inclusion into the Wilderness Area.

8) Removal of accumulated sediment from behind Hells Canyon Damn, prior to the damn's dismantlement, for replacement in local agricultural areas.

9) Removal of the Idaho Power Company powerlines from the Lower Imnaha River, and also of the powerline over Saulsbury Saddle from Hells Canyon Damn, and relocation of the powerline from Oxbow Damn upriver to the Brownlee powerline.

10) Instigation of a study by the US Fish & Wildlife Service for removal of Oxbow and Brownlee Damns.

11) Inclusion of the Snake River from Homestead Creek to its confluence with the Grande Ronde River into the Wilderness Area, for the purpose of eliminating power boat usage.

12) Removal of Memaloose Helitack Base, including all buildings and structures, to Sled Springs Guard Station.

13) Enactment of prescribed natural fire management. (No suppression of naturally ignited wildlfires.)

14) Establishment of strict penalties for removal of ancient artifacts, or disturbance of cultural resource sites, and allocation of funds for enforcement of said penalties.

15) Direct language prohibiting administrators of the Wilderness Area from installing any man-made structures or materials of any kind for any purpose, and the prohibition of the use of dynamite, rock drills, chainsaws, or other motorized/mechanized equipment under the guise of "necessities for administration of the area."

Senator Packwood has indicated an interest in pursuing further legislation for protection of Hells Canyon. But he will proceed only if the conservation community comes forth with a united proposal. The national organizations have vowed to make Hells Canyon a national issue (mostly in an effort to set the precedent of further Wilderness legislation for a state which has just passed a statewide bill), and the National Wildlife Federation has backed this vow with serious talk of a lawsuit against Crowell's management plan.

We should encourage the national conservation groups to navigate into the Hells Canyon fight with a newfound vigor and a strong proposal. The Earth First! proposal is both ecologically and economically reasonable. Anything less would detract from the utlimate purpose of Wilderness, which is impaired in protecting only bisected parts of an ecosystem, half a watershed, or a section of a habitat. If this proposal, which seeks to purse that ultimate purpose, cannot be universally supported by conservation groups, then the power to enact it must come from the grassroots.

No one with any conscience can deny that Oregon should have wolves and grizzles again, and deserves to have "big wilderness" unravaged by chainsaws and cows. The joining of the Hells Canyon and Eagle Cap Wildernesses, the largest tracts of wild land in Oregon, is our only realistic hope of attaining these dreams.

The securing of a complete and uncompromsed Hells Canyon Wilderness would not merely be an act of stewardship or an inheritance for the future; but a wergild of respect for the principles of those who were here before us.

Ric Bailey lives near Hells Canyon in Oregon and coordinates Earth First! wilderness proposals for the state.

FREDDIES BACKPEDAL ON GEORGE WASHINGTON NATIONAL FOREST

By R F Mueller

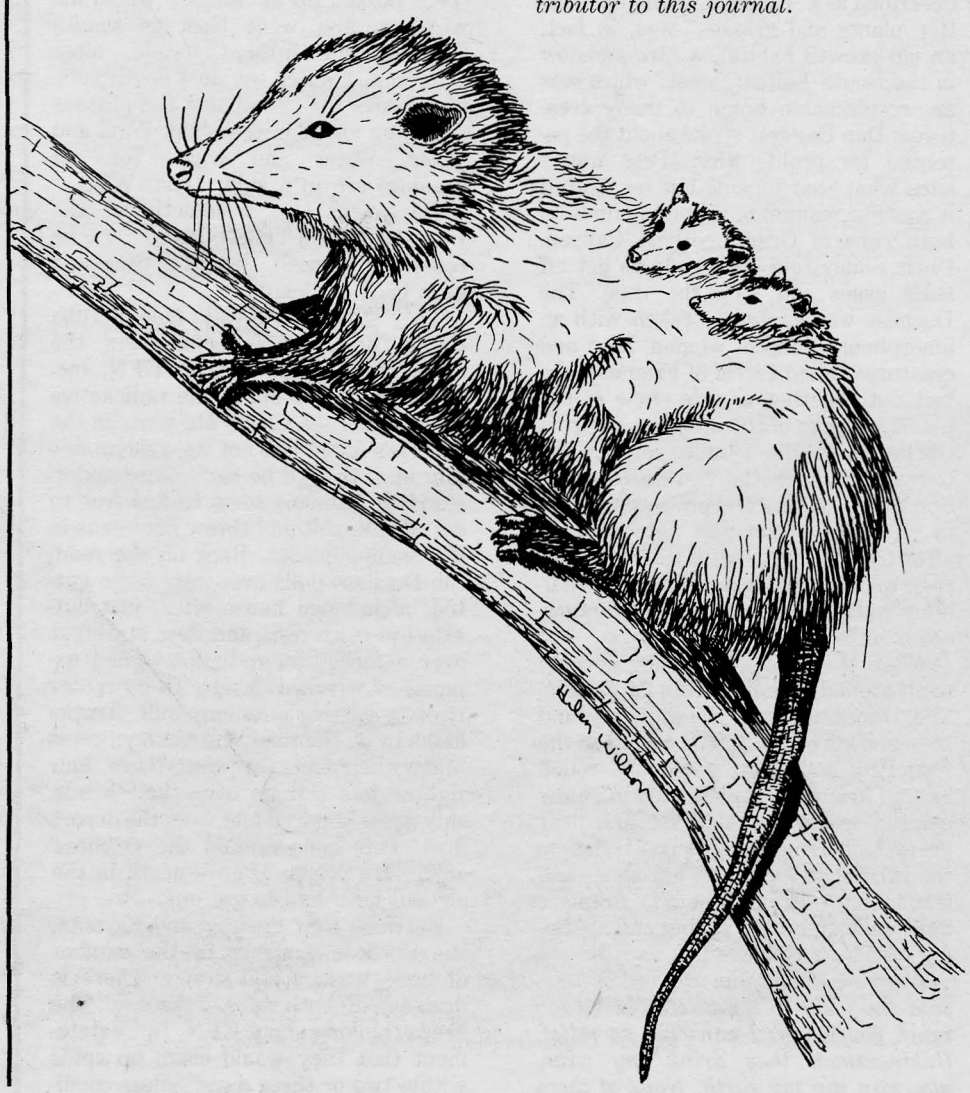
The *Forest Planning Bulletin* of The Wilderness Society for April 23, 1985, (an excellent service, by the way) includes a report entitled "George Washington Plan — Could it Set a Trend?" It says that the George Washington National Forest might make some significant changes in its draft forest plan. The changes could include a number of alternatives, focusing on re-examining timber management, particularly clear-cutting. Unfortunately, however, the *Bulletin* gives sole credit for this situation to "hard-hitting and well researched comments" by The Wilderness Society, the Natural Resources Defense Council, and the Sierra Club.

However, my own monitoring of the situation leads me to believe that the Freddies began backpeddling after unprecedented opposition at their catastrophic forum on January 15 in Staunton, Virgina. At that meeting, individuals (mostly hunters) and grassroots groups showed great militancy. (See *EF!* Brigid edition.) This was followed by an outpouring of letters to the editor in the *Staunton Leader* by these same people as well as by your EF! correspondent. In all of this the Sierra Club in particular was little in evidence, and I don't recall a single letter from representatives of standard conservation groups.

If, as the *Forest Plans Bulletin* implies, the resistance here in the George Washington National Forest sets a trend in the formulations of better plans nationwide, I believe credit is largely due to grassroots action. Certainly lobbying in Washington had little to do with it. Also, although "hard hitting and well-researched comments" on the plan have their role, I doubt that the Freddies would pay attention to them in the absence of grassroots militancy.

Finally a word of caution: The rumors of a revived and more responsive plan could be just part of a smokescreen.

RF Mueller is an Earth First! activist in Virginia and a frequent contributor to this journal.



HAYDUCHESS ON THE ROAD: TUSAYAN TO BLANDING

Pete the Cat hates meetings. What he really likes is to be Out There, doing good works and ridding the high desert of rodents. Nonetheless, the Duchess had heard about a panel meeting on the proposed uranium rape at Tusayan and detemined that they would go. Worse yet, due to their recent spate of good works, she had decided that prudence and a fondness for continued physical liberty dictated attendance in disguise. Whimsically, she thought it might be fun to go as Somebody's Wife and her pet poodle. Pete was appalled.

Bad enough that she would deck herself out in designer jeans, pearl-studded sweater, high-heeled sandals, eyeshadow and hair spray 'til she looked like somebody's high-spending, housecleaning Tempe darling; Pete would have to be zipped into that little, curly-furred jumpsuit the Duchess had created from an old bath mat. To top that off, she would buckle a bright pink, rhinestone-spangled collar around his neck. He nearly refused to go. But when the Duchess planted her fists firmly on her hips and snarled, "Listen, mate, if you don't like it, you can stay home!" he gave in. The only thing he hated worse than that outfit was the possibility of missing an intelligent, intellectual discussion of sensitive issues, where he might get a chance to kick some Mother Earth-rapers' asses.

At the meeting, the Duchess settled herself in a back row, where she could check out the talent. Pete disgraced himself immediately by leaping in one bound to the top of the overhead projector, causing the hippie couple in the fourth row to experience instantaneous, simultaneous enlightenment . . . "Wow, man, you see that . . . That dog just moved like a cat, wow . . . hey, everything is everything . . . there are no boundaries." Pete snickered.

It was a pretty good meeting. There were some humans speaking and asking questions, who seemed to have gotten a little beyond their species. Pete found it unfortunate that their human chauvinism extended to their names and decided that he would think of them as Bob Lippcat (described as a friend of the river, which certainly seemed reasonable and wise) and Dave Forecat (a loud, enthusiastic fellow with a fair amount of fur). He really like Ace Peterson, who had the good sense to belong to the Arizona Wildlife Federation (Pete liked the idea of humans and cats, predators alike, sitting around, having a few), who pointed out that what Energy Fuels Nuclear, Inc. described as a "clearing, with mixed native plants and grasses" was, in fact, an old growth habitat, a rare meadow in the South Kaibab forest, which was an irreplaceable home to many creatures. Dan Daggett spoke about the potential for proliferation (Pete wasn't sure what that meant, but he figured it was like mange) of uranium mines on both rims of Grand(mother) Canyon. Chris Shuey told everybody to get off their asses and stop the rape. The Duchess was especially taken with an amorphous group of women, men and creatures called Circle of Friends, who had put together a slide show of the potential route of the uranium ore from the proposed site, 13 miles south of the Canyon, through the Navajo Reservation to the holding and processing plant in Blanding, Utah. She watched slide after slide of roads with no shoulders, river and wash drainages, hogans, radiation warning signs and road-side flowers, people and homes.

When they got home, they decided to sit around in their outfits for a while. The Duchess mixed a Tanqueray and soda and sprinkled a little catnip on the rug. Pete sniffed it, got goofy, rolled around in circles, then settled in on the mantel, where he could see and hear everything. The Duchess put Dylan on the turntable, kicked off her shoes and leaned back, staring at the fireplace light dancing on the ceiling and sparkling off Pete's collar.

There must be some way out of here, said the joker to the thief, There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief. Businessmen they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth. None of them along the line knows what any of it is worth..(All Along the Watchtower.)

Pete dozed off. The Duchess kept seeing the last slides, the shots of the White Mesa Project, EFN, Inc.'s jargon for a pile of ore and heavy machinery kicking shit up into the sky. Suddenly, she jumped up. Pete came wide awake as he saw her pulling road-maps off the bookshelf. She was hummin "Goin' Mobile" and grinning. He climbed up on the back of her chair and watch her trace the route on her old, beloved Indian Country map: Forest Service road 307 north to route 64, just east of Desert View, north on highway 89 to highway 160, 160 through Tuba City and Tsegi to Kayenta, north on 163 to Bluff (crossing the San Juan at Mexican Hat), north on 191 to Blanding. He saw how the route coverded the eastern road into Grand(mother) Canyon, ran through the Navajo Res, and looked like it crossed a lot of rivers and snaked through a lot of towns. He glanced up at the Duchess. She scratched him behind the ears and said, "Let's get some sleep . . . we got a lot of driving to do tomorrow."

They are traveling light. Pete lies between the speakers and naps, lulled by the old Mustang's hum and the Duchess' voice, talking into the recorder.

"I keep remembering what Circle said, to pay attention to wind and water on this route, to think about how the passage of ten 20-25 ton ore trucks a day might affect the creatures that live here. I'm on Forest Service 307, which appears to have been upgraded. It's a hot day and the wind carries the scent of sage. Insects and birds fly up ahead of us. At the turn onto 64, I notice a sign indicating that this is a Wildlife Management area. Circle read a quote about a mother falcon permanently abandoning her babies because of the sound of one rifle shot. I don't understand how the scream of huge trucks on gravel roads can help manage wildlife, except to manage them right out of existence.

"On 64, heading east, the road shoulders are non-existent. Tiny flowers grow through the asphalt. Over my shoulder, the view is glorious. I imagine folks driving to the Canyon, seeing trucks decked with radioactive warning symbols. I wonder about the road-side jewelry stands and the business that makes it off Grand(mother) Canyon. Like it or not, we're going to need these folks in the battle to come. (Pete perked up at "battle," licked his whiskers and went back to sleep.) Crossing the little Colorado, after Cameron, I watch the dust devils spinning above the desert and the grasses whipping about in the wind. Wind and water. Water and wind. Tons of uranium ore in a spill. Dust. Wind. " (Pete yawns . . . sometimes, the Duchess gets a little poetical . . . he reassures himself that it'll pass and goes back to sleep.)

They stop for a Navajo taco in Tuba City. The Duchess remembers the Navajo man at the Tusayan EFN, Inc. meeting, asking about the radioactive tailings in Tuba City. Pete waits in the car. He's found he's not welcome in restaurants, though he can't quite understand it. Humans seem to feel free to eat, drink, shit and throw beer cans in *his* feeding places. Back on the road, the Duchess pulls over near some gutted, abandoned house sites, just outside the town. She and Pete stare out over a fenced-in, radiation-signed expanse of wrecked desert. In its center rises a rusting uranium mill. Trucks crash by on the road, the earth vibrates under their feet. Out of nowhere, four fighter jets scream over their heads, only a few hundred feet from the desert floor. Pete coils around the Duchess' ankle. He yowls. There's death in the air and he wants to get out.

Between Cow Springs and Kayenta, the Duchess is struck by the number of little washes and draws. There is drainage off both sides of the road. She keeps thinking about EFN, Inc.'s statement that they would clean up spills within two or three days, unless conditions prevented it. Bright yellow FLASH FLOODS signs jump up at her. Throughout the reservation, there are flocks of goats, horses grazing quietly, Navajo, of all ages, walking, hitch-hiking, riding horseback along the road. Hogans are tucked at the feet of hills, well within range. Should the trucks take this route, they will pass through the heart of Kayenta, past four schools.

The Duchess starts to cry as they enter Monument Valley. She has long believed that tears are for warriors. The finest man she ever knew cried easily and hard. She's learned to drive through tears. Pete crawls into her lap; he knows how she feels . . . almost out of her mind with the beauty and light of the place, sad, mad . . . when he gets that way, he goes out and kills a mouse . . . he wonders if that would help. She is calm by the time they begin the descent into Mexican Hat.

"I will stop this damn hole. Like Foreman said, LEAVE IT IN THE GROUND!!! There is no safe way they can bring those trucks down this crooked, narrow road, over the San Juan and through that 90 degree turn in Mexican Hat. Even if they could, there are damn near no safe ways to use the miserable stuff."

She and Pete stay at the motel in Mexican Hat. They sit at the bottom of the stone steps above the river, watching that moving milkshake sweep on by. Near dark, two crazy canoeists race by. Pete chases a blushing lizard up into the pale green and purple rushes. The Duchess wishes she still smoked cigarettes. This is the perfect time, the perfect place to watch smoke curl up toward the fading light.

They stop for breakfast in Bluff, for hellish coffee and heavenly home-made Texas toast. Pete licks the butter off the Duchess' fingers, while an old woman tells them she wonders how those tarps are goin' to keep the ore from spilling all over the place. The morning light whitens as they head up to Blanding. Just outside the town, EFN, Inc.'s White Mesa Project lurches up out of the meadow-like lowland. Cows graze within feet of the ore route. Pete know there are those who hate land-maggots, but he's seen the same people terminating hamburgers with extreme prejudice. Somebody has sprayed NO NUKES on a road sign. That cheers the Duchess a little. She's left her messages about the proposed mine in a few park registers.

Desperate for serious coffee, she stops in the little cafe in Blanding. A woman comes up to her. The woman has seen the Duchess' LEAVE IT IN THE GROUND bumpersticker and followed her into the cafe. She tells the Duchess that half the people in Blanding want the ore . . . more jobs . . . hurting economy . . . hungry kids . . . and half want EFN, Inc., out. The Duchess thinks about the CCC work, remembers all the cleaning-up to do along the road and the care for Mother Earth un-done and wonders where all her tax money has gone . . . and knows. The woman touches her wrist. "I wanted to tell you one more thing . . . My husband used to live in Bluff . . . those uranium trucks used tear through that canyon every hour of the day and night . . . they'd shake the walls of his little house, making the most awful noise . . . they were just like, like . . . bats coming straight out of hell."

"Exactly," thinks the Duchess, "exactly."

Update: The Forest Service has ordered an EIS for the proposed Tusayan uranium mine site. For those who wish to go beyond, stay tuned. Some of us intend to see that they LEAVE IT IN THE GROUND. Should you wish to discreetly use the Duchess' nom d'action, feel free. Hayduchess has many hands, and would love to hear that she was in many places at once!

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"I'M A WILD RIVER LOVER" has five brilliant rainbow colors on a cream shirt. Regular "Men's" (100% cotton) and women's tank top (50/50). $10.

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RAIN RAINFOREST ACTION & INFORMATION NETWORK

Vol. I, No. I **Summer, 1985**

INTRODUCTION TO RAIN

We need an international clearinghouse for rainforest organizing. As we all learn more about the deforestation of tropical rainforests and what is being done to reverse this trend it becomes increasingly clear that there is not enough organizing on this issue. John Seed and the Rainforest Information Centre in Australia has published three "World Rainforest Reports" tried to be a clearing house on rainforest work but, their resources are limited and they need some help. After a series of meetings with many groups over the last three months we have decided to take on some of the functions of a central clearinghouse under the guise of the clever (?) acronym "RAIN."

This publication is the first of what we hope will be a quarterly newsletter specifically on rainforest issues. We are looking for articles, news bulletins, and graphics, so send them in. This is also a grassroots-oriented paper so we want to print news about what your group or community is doing.

In November (14, 15, & 16) Randy Hayes will convene a small (40 people) international strategy conference in the San Francisco Bay Area. We will discuss the formation of an international action network and a US tropical rainforest campaign. We hope to bring representatives in from Africa, Malaysia, Indonesia, Solomon Islands, Hawaii, India/Nepal, South America, and Central America. For further information on this write to Randy Hayes, Friends of the Earth, 1045 Sansome St., San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

RAIN c/o 1045 Sansome St. San Francisco, CA 94111 USA

JONATHAN RICHMAN COOKS IN BERKELEY

by Karen Pickett

Jonathan Richman and rainforest slide show packed the house at EF! benefit at La Pena Cultural Center in Berkeley. Yes, Virginia, it is possible to carry cash home from a benefit...albeit not without lots of work and organizing. The recent (May 8th) benefit put on by East Bay EF!-ers featuring the rainforest slide show followed by entertainment by Jonathan Richman was a big success on all counts, getting the word, out putting some new bodies in EF! T-shirts, making money to carry on the cause, and it was one HELL of a party!

Many thanks to all the worker bees, plus Mike Roselle, Randy Hayes, and Sandra Kaiser who put on the slide show, Chuck Barry, David Parks, and Randy for the photography, and of course Jonathan who packed the house.

An additional note to folks in the Bay Area; we have a local mailing list which has been gleaned from various EF! gatherings, plus people who contacted me or Greg Dubs personally. Subscription to the EF! paper does not get you on our local mailing list, so if you want to be on this list (SF, East Bay, & North Bay) send me your name, address and phone number and please indicate whether you want informational mailings only, or if you want to be active, i.e. attend meetings, work on projects, go to demonstrations, etc. My address is in the contacts list.

To open the East Bay benefit, six locals plus Roselle and Jonathan sang the Australian Blockaders ballad, "Take Your Bulldozers Away," with the new rainforest verse, written by Ed Heske. For those who know the 1st verse, try this second and third one. They fit well.

Jonathan Richman. Photo by David Cross.

This verse was a parting gift from Ed, on his way to Norway to contemplate lemmings.

Get out of our forest you bloody tree choppers.
It's not worth the nickel you save on a whopper.
Take back your cattle we're here to do battle.
Take your bulldozers away.

Leave our rainforest living from orchids to jaguars.
They're not yours for killing.
You've taken enough.
It's time to start giving.
Take your bulldozers away!

RAINFOREST ROADSHOW WASHED OUT?

by Randy Hayes

Washed out? Not on your life. In fact we now have another arrow in our quiver. Thanks to contributions from photographers including Chuck Barry, David Parks, Jim Nations, and Hurricane Production Co. we have a beautiful and moving slide show on deforestation in Central America and America's immoral connection.

With slide show in hand and a couple of extra quarts of oil for the van, Mike Roselle and I set out for northern California and Oregon. We covered 3000 miles on the ground and about 8000 miles in the air. We were joined off and on by Sandy Kaiser, Anders Price, Chuck Barry, David Brower, Gary Snyder, and Kevin Bixby to present about 20 roadshows. Sandy made our only appearance in southern California by flying in for a Fullerton College show. I took a brief trip back to Washington, D.C., West Virginia, and sunny Florida (including Miami where Burger King's headquarters are) to participate in a Threshold Foundation rainforest conference and talk up the issue with groups there.

People everywhere responded favorably to setting up the "Rainforest Action Network." (We may call it the "Rainforest Action and Information Network" so we can use the acronym "RAIN.") We continued to call for letters to be written to the World Bank and to Burger King. If you haven't written yours, you can get the addresses from the box at the end of the article "Tropical Deforestation in Central America: Ten Questions Answered."

In Eugene, Oregon, Doug Norlen set up a press conference where David Brower said that the greatest threat to the forest "is the U.S. marketplace. We can help stop it, if we watch our appetites." Roselle linked Oregon with Central and South American rainforest by pointing out how many species of birds, such as the Hermit Thrush, spend their summers here and winter in tropical forests where their homes are threatened by deforestation. (By the way, not only do I refuse to apologize for Mike guzzling all the pitchers of brew after the show, I was proud of him.)

Karen Pickett has an article in this issue on the high-energy Berkeley show. Bill Devall organized a roadshow in Arcata and Eric Horstman reported on it in "The Lumberjack." In Nevada City, CA, Jonathan "makes-the-women-melt" Richman made a surprise appearance to sing about how "the beach be one of the best things we got" and Wrangler jeans. Gary (Beat) Snyder introduced Mike and me and sealed the evening with poems along with Doc Dachtler and Will Staple. Thanks to Jolie Velazquez for her work on the new fact sheet and the S.F. show. Lots of other people like Steve, Ace, Beverly, Sarah, Enah, and Arlo put on rousing shows--so thanks for all your help.

Costa Rican National Park Poster. Photos by Chuck Williams.

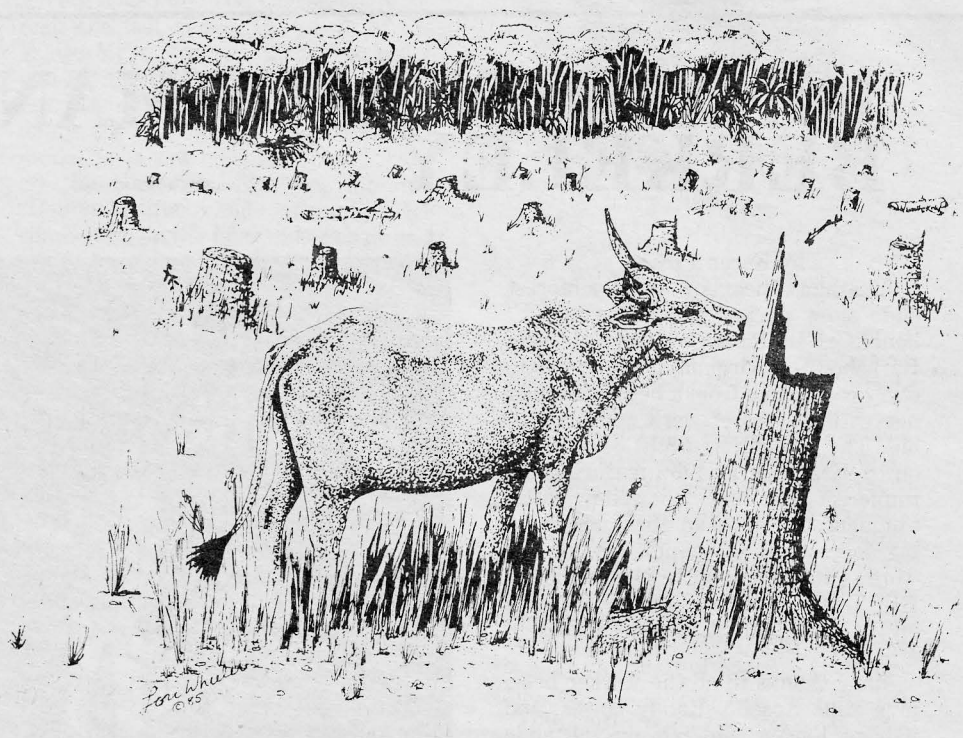
McDONALD'S AND US BEEF?

Ace investigative reporter, Sandy "Kamikaze" Kaiser, reports a change in McDonald's advertising. While in the vicinity of a Big Mac drive-thru on San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley/Albany, California, she saw the phrase "100% US Beef" next to every burger item. Have we got them running scared? When asked why she was near this drive-thru she responded nervously, "It was near a backpacking store. Well, look I...I considered it research."

RH

La Selva Biological Reserve Boundary, Costa Rica. Photo by Chuck Williams.

TROPICAL DEFORESTATION IN CENTRAL AMERICA:



TEN QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By Randy Hayes and Susan Brandt

We would like to express our special thanks to Mike Roselle and David Cobb for assistance in research and writing.

"More than a quarter of all Central American forests have been destroyed since 1960 to produce beef, 85-95% (of exports) went to the US. This represents less than 2% of total US beef consumption, but has a devastating effect on Central American forests."

—Catherine Caufield, *The New Yorker*

I. WHERE ARE TROPICAL FORESTS AND WHY ARE THEY IMPORTANT?

The world's tropical forests are located within a 3000 mile-wide band straddling the equator. They are the oldest and most complex ecosystems on land. Brazil hosts one-third of existing tropical forests; Indonesia and Zaire each hold ten percent. Originally, tropical forests covered about twelve per cent of the earth's land area, but now cover only six percent. Perhaps half of the earth's 6 to 10 million plant and animal species are found only in tropical forests. There are many scientific classifications and terms for describing tropical forests, but for the purposes of this brochure we will refer to them as tropical rainforests (TRFs).

One acre of TRF may house up to 200 different species of trees; forests in the north typically contain one-tenth as many. Because the plants and animals of tropical forests have evolved together over eons, they have become interdependent and specialized. Some birds and insects are adapted to pollinate only one species of plant. TRFs are thus extremely sensitive to disruption, and the extinction of one species may lead to the loss of many others.

The myriad of lifeforms that abound in TRFs have an intrinsic value that is separate and above any other value they might have to humans. They are the homes of jaguars and howler monkeys and so much more. Natural systems have a right to exist unhampered despite whatever economic, scientific or recreational value they might have. It is impossible to put a dollars and cents value on biological systems that were millions of years in the making, and when once gone can never return to their full diversity and complexity. If we are to utilize the plants and animals of tropical forests, we must do it in such a way as to ensure the sustainability of the rainforest ecosystem.

These rainforest species do provide incalculable benefits to humankind. Foods such as rice, beans. and citrus fruits originated in tropical areas. The discovery of more productive and pest-resistant strains of such crops is tied to the maintenance of tropical habitats and their genetic diversity. One half of the western world's prescription drugs are derived from plants, many of tropical origin. Worldwide sales of these drugs amount to over $20 billion annually. **Seventy percent of plant species known to have anti-cancer qualities are tropical plants.** In 1960 a leukemia victim had only one chance in five of recovery. Because of drugs developed from the Rosy Periwinkle, a tropical plant, chances for survival have increased to four in five. Countless species remain to be discovered.

The survival of TRFs is vital for ecological reasons. The stability of global climate depends on their ability to absorb vast amounts of rainfall and sunshine. Forests regulate the flow of water in tropical river basins such as the Congo and Amazon. They protect watersheds by controlling soil erosion, and they help sustain the breeding grounds of riverine fish—a vital source of protein for rainforest inhabitants.

Two hundred million people live in and around TRFs and rely on the forest for food and shelter. Among them are many of the remaining tribes of indigenous peoples, with aboriginal claims to the land. They have developed unique ways of using forest resources without destroying their homeland. Their survival hinges on the forest.

The effects of massive tropical deforestation may one day have a grave impact on a global scale. TRFs have an important role as storehouses of carbon dioxide. TRF soils contain about twenty percent of the earth's carbon pool on land. Scientists have speculated that if total TRF destruction were to occur, it might bring about a melting of the polar ice caps due to the increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide. This would act as a blanket, trapping heat near the earth's surface. Sea temperatures would rise releasing more carbon dioxide, and eventually lead to a rise in the sea level that could inundate the world's most populous and industrialized lowlands, and some of its largest cities.

II. WHERE ARE TROPICAL FORESTS FOUND IN CENTRAL AMERICA?

The original forests left in Central America consist mainly of remnant pieces in the areas that are least accessible and most difficult to develop. (Refer to the map.)

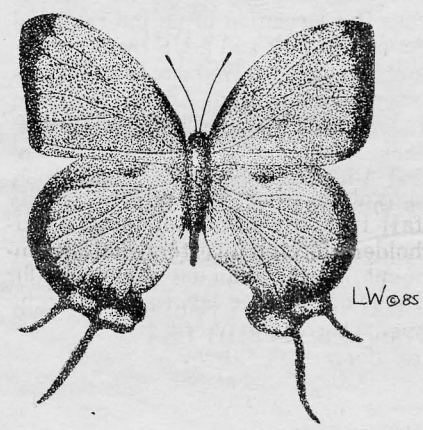
III. WHAT IS CAUSING FOREST LOSS IN CENTRAL AMERICA?

A cycle of destruction that generally begins with the timber companies and ends with the cattle ranches is destroying the tropical forests of Central America. During the first stage, logging companies move into the forests to remove the most valuable hardwoods. Thirty to fifty percent of the forest canopy may be destroyed during the process of extraction. Logging roads open up the forest to further exploitation.

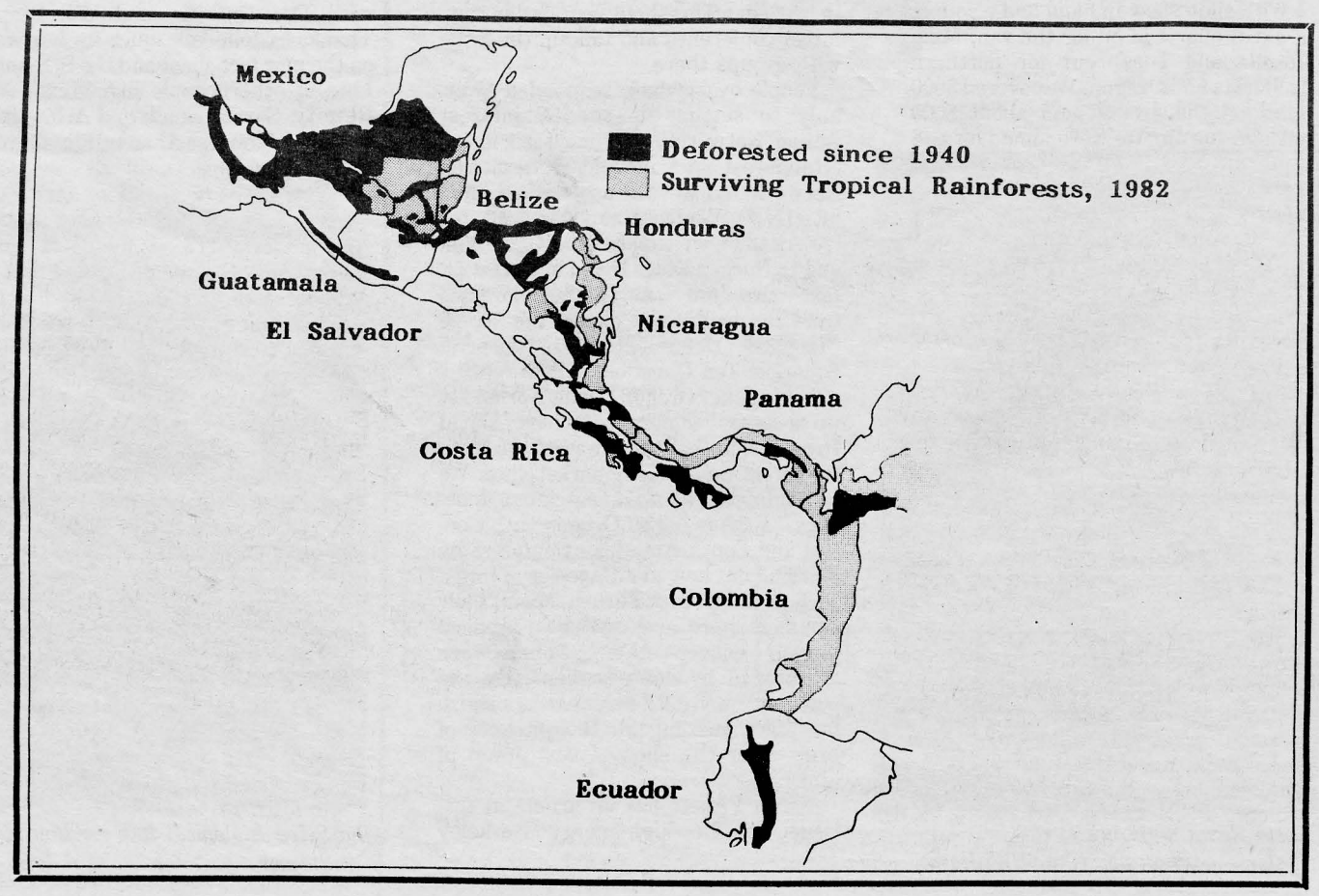
Since the majority of agricultural land is tied up in the production of export crops such as beef, cotton and coffee, shifting cultivators are forced to move up the roads and clear land to grow crops for their survival. The lack of adequate land reform causes tremendous pressure on the rainforests. In Latin America as a whole, seven percent of the people own or control ninety-three percent of the arable land. Clearing the forest temporarily creates "new" land, therefore government officials in Central America support this colonization as it removes some of the pressure on them to implement adequate land reform policies.

Central America is also experiencing an astounding population growth rate. By the end of the century it is predicted that Central America and rural Mexico's population of 35 million people will increase by another 22 million.

The final stage of tropical deforestation in Central America is the most devastating. Land that has been cleared by peasant families and has been exhausted after only a few crops, is then taken up by individual landowners or corporations to produce export crops. The most dominant and destructive of these export crops is beef.



Almost all of this pasture has been created at the expense of tropical forests. According to testimony before a US congressional subcommittee in 1980, more than a quarter of all Central American forests have been destroyed for pastureland. If the present trend continues, the remaining forests will be gone by 1990.



IV. DO RAINFOREST SOILS MAKE GOOD AGRICULTURAL LAND?

No. Few tropical forest soils are high in fertility. What nutrients are found in the soil lie in the top few inches, with the underlying soil being virtually sterile. Most of the nutrients are locked up in the vegetation instead. There is a complex pattern of recycling that takes place in TRFs where few nutrients are wasted.

When vegetation is cleared from the land a rapid path of destruction follows. The high levels of rainfall beat down directly on the soil, rather than getting caught up in the vegetation. Severe erosion then takes place, with tons of topsoil being washed away with each heavy rain. Soils that were once covered in virtual shade become like baked bricks in the sun. Most TRF soils can last through only a few seasons of crops before becoming weed and pest-infested, and devoid of nutrients.

Small-scale shifting agriculture, as that practiced by indigenous forest people is not destructive ecologically. The farmers allow the land to lie fallow for several years to regenerate itself, before returning to it. But the kind of large-scale commercial production of export crops that has been taking place in Central America over the last twenty years or so is far from ecological. The soil is stripped beyond its regeneration point. The ability of TRF land to sustain cattle-grazing varies, but in much of Central America the African grasses that are planted for pasture can only survive for about five to ten years before weeds take over. The once lush and productive rainforest is quickly converted into a virtual wasteland.

V. IS FOREST EXPLOITATION GOOD FOR TROPICAL NATIONS?

The vast majority of people in tropical regions such as Central America never receive the benefits of forest exploitation. Short-run profits usually fall into the hands of large landholders, foreign investors, and government officials who use the money for luxury goods and labor-saving equipment. Government officials often see rainforests as "unused capital". Central American nations have acquired huge foreign debts and the people there are struggling to improve their standard of living.

In the last twenty years, the area of man-made pastures and the number of beef cattle in Central America have increased by about two-thirds. Apparently this has the effect of reducing the price of hamburger in the US by about five cents a pound, and helps to fight domestic inflation. **But during the 1960s and 1970s, when beef production in Costa Rica more than tripled, local consumption of beef actually declined to the point where the average Costa Rican ate less beef per year than the average North American house cat.**

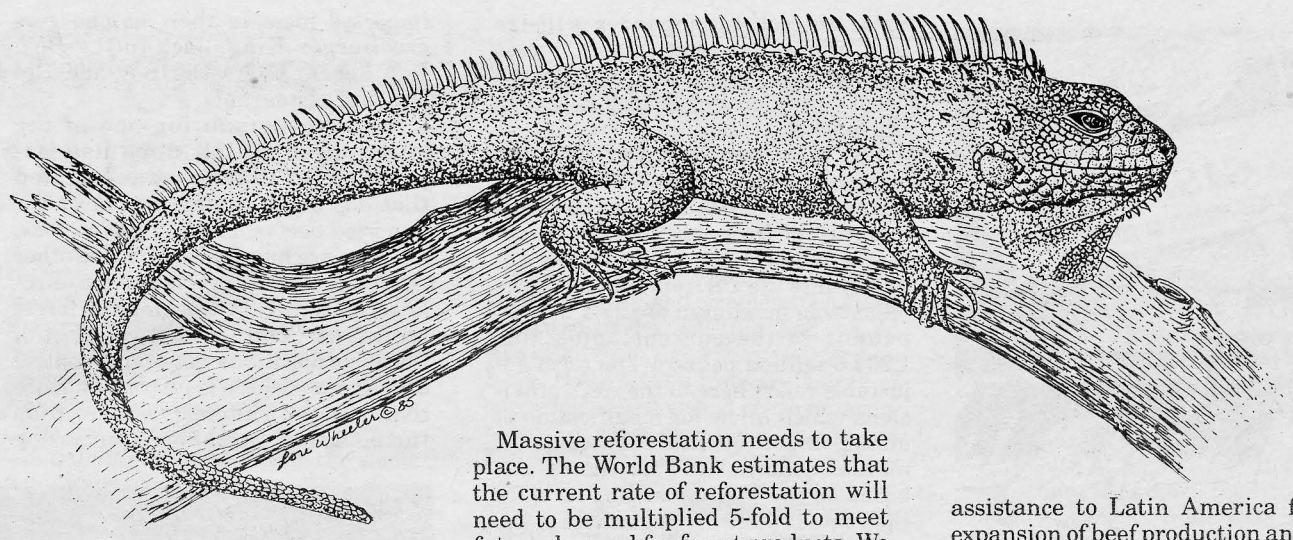
Destruction of tropical forests can lead to ecological disasters in the long run that have strong social, economic, and political repercussions. In Panama, for example, deforestation has resulted in an alternating pattern of floods and droughts that has severely affected water supplies. The people of the countries throughout Central America are forced to face the catastrophic problems of severe erosion, climate change, and loss of species. The environmental costs of deforesting tropical lands rise far above any economic benefits from just a few short years of exploitation.

VI. ARE THERE ALTERNATIVES TO DEFORESTATION?

Worldwide awareness of the importance of forests and the unique problems of tropical ecology is growing. But few governments or corporations are confronting the major causes of deforestation such as poverty, the lack of land reform, and natural resource development for export.

There is a desperate need to implement forest practices that are sustainable in the long run. We need new strategies for cattle production such as grazing in conjunction with other land uses that retain a significant amount of forest cover. An example of this is the planting of fruit and nut trees for food and shade. International finances need to be redirected from extensive beef cattle production in TRF regions into ecologically sound systems of food and fiber production. This effort should include high yield intensive systems of agriculture. We need to further develop agroforestry practices, which is the interspersal of trees with crops, to mimic more closely the diversity and interdependence of the TRF ecosystem. An example would be the planting of banana trees with coffee and ground crops, which would increase shade and reduce erosion and pests. It has shown promising results in the field. Sustainable management would include better watershed protection for climate, runoff, and irrigation control and logging methods that minimize destruction like using animal power instead of machines and selective logging.

Land reform is a necessary part of the solution. Nicaragua is the only country in Central America where significant land reform has been undertaken by the government. Nicaraguan citizens now have ten times as much land as they formerly did under the Somoza regime.



Massive reforestation needs to take place. The World Bank estimates that the current rate of reforestation will need to be multiplied 5-fold to meet future demand for forest products. We need to reclaim damaged land with viable species and reforest urban areas for aesthetics, food and firewood production. We also have to increase the forest nurseries and dramatically expand the reforestation brigades.

More parks need to be created. Costa Rica has one of the most progressive wildlife protection and parks programs in Latin America. Thirteen years ago they began creating a national network of parks, wildlife refuges,national monuments, archaeological sites, and forest reserves that now encompass some 10 percent of the country—a total of almost three million acres. But oftentimes parks in Central America are understaffed, and regulations go unenforced. Parks and reserves will not be truly safe from development pressures until the lands around them are also safe. This will not happen until the social, political, and economic circumstances that lead to TRF destruction are alleviated.

VII. WHAT ARE THE ROLES OF THE US AND THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT AGENCIES?

The policies of the US government and international development agencies such as the World Bank encourage tropical deforestation. Between 1971 and 1977, these institutions provided about $4 billion in loans and technical assistance to Latin America for the expansion of beef production and processing. US companies now take ninety percent of the region's beef exports. The growth of this market is justified on the grounds of improving the region's foreign exchange earnings. But the region's trade balance has deteriorated steadily over the past decade and its foreign debt has risen dramatically. The region is in social turmoil, in part over the failure of governments to enact land reform.

Since 1963, the World Bank has provided funds for cattle ranching activities to every Central American country except El Salvador. Cattle producers also receive technical assistance from the US and international health and development agencies such as the Pan American Health Organization, the Organization of American States, and the US Agency for International Development (AID). According to the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA), without the technical assistance these organizations provide, cattle production in the American tropics would be unprofitable, if not impossible.

Some policy makers and corporate officials are content with the status quo, but others are aware that tropical deforestation is tied to social inequities in developing countries and the investment and trading policies between those nations and the developed world. Citizens of affluent countries have a crucial role to play in stimulating the necessary policy changes that

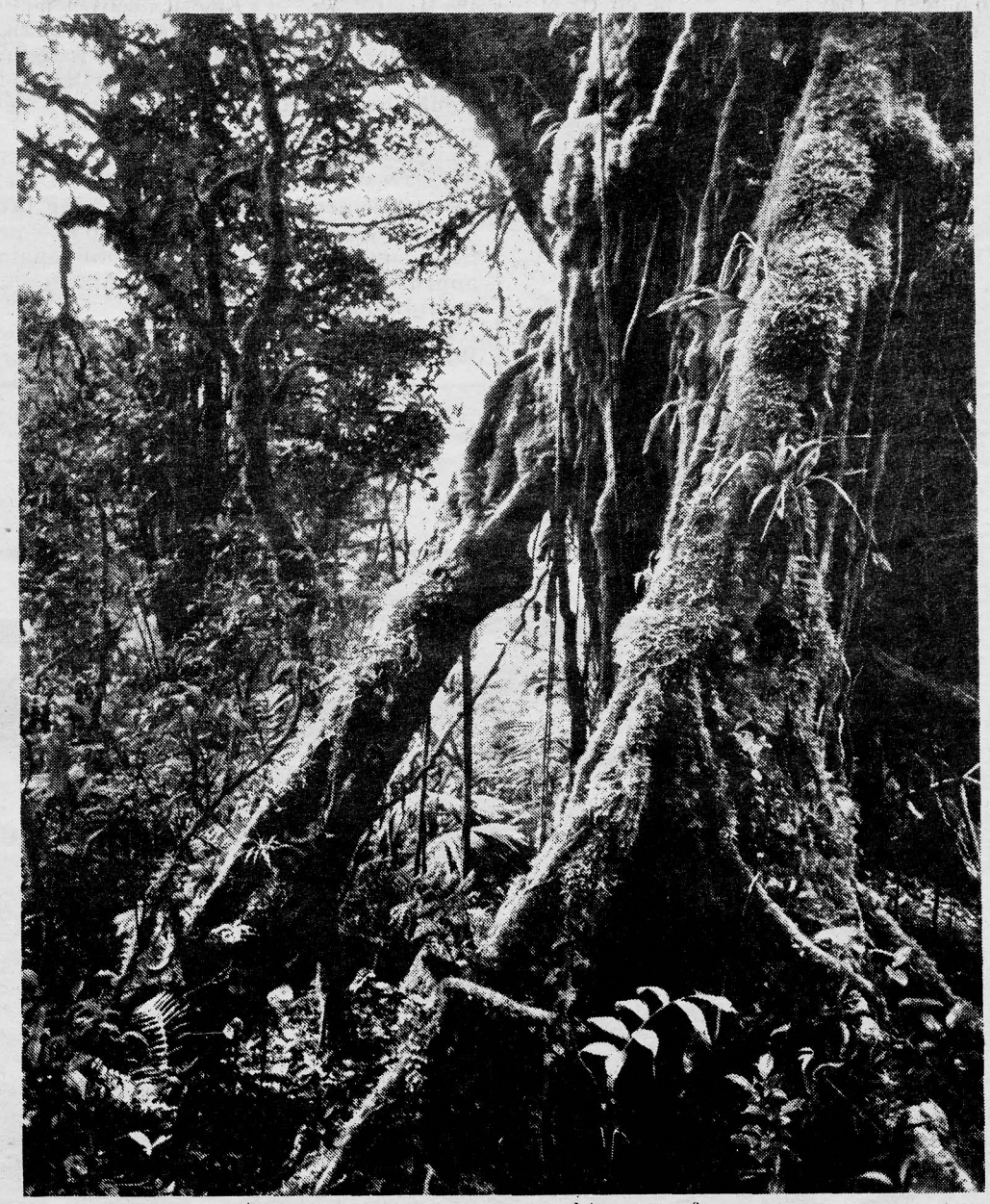


Photo by Chuck Barry

Of all the environmental impacts of the study projections, deforestation probably poses the most serious problems for the world, particularly the developing world.
—Global 2000 Report

Costa Rican beef, boned, frozen & packed for shipping

will minimize deforestation and ensure the wise use of forests for the benefit of the people.

VIII. WHAT ARE THE US MEAT IMPORT QUOTAS AND REGULATIONS?

New regulations allows more meat to be imported when domestic supplies are low and prices are rising. When domestic supplies are abundant, the quotas are to be lowered. Since the cost of living index is tied to beef prices, the meat import quotas help keep the rate of US inflation down by dumping cheap forign beef on the market.

The Meat Import Act of 1979 was signed into law by the President on December 31, 1979. It raised the total quantity of fresh, chilled and frozen meats which may be imported annually into the US from the 1964 Act's adjustable maximum of 725.4 million pounds to the current adjustable 1,204.6 million pounds. The term adjustable refers here to the Act's provisions which allow for modification of annual import quantities based on US market conditions. This figure was based on the average import level for the years 1968-1977. Regardless of formula calculations, the President may not restrict imports under the Meat Import Act to less than 1,250 million pounds.

IX. WHERE'S THE BEEF GOING?

Discovering where the beef from Central America goes once it has passed US inspection is difficult if not impossible. It may change hands several times before reaching its final destination. But the odds are that it will end up mixed with our more fatty domestic beef to make burgers to support the burgeoning fast food industry. Once Central American beef has passed US inspection, it is stamped USDA, and from then on no mention is made of its origin.

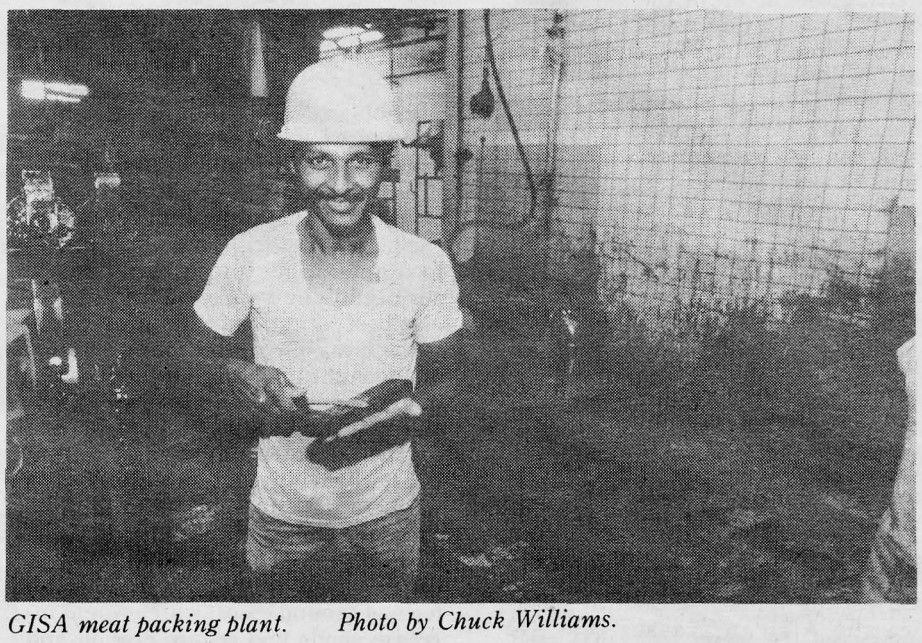
Among the fast-food companies acknowledging that they have used some imported meat in their hamburgers are Burger King, Jack-in-the-Box, Roy Rogers, Bob's Big Boy and Hot Shoppes restaurants.

A spokesperson for one of the companies which does use imported beef in its products stated that *any chain saying they don't use imported beef is handing you a crock.*

There are hundreds of US and other foreign interests involved in cattle-related activities in the tropical forest regions of Central America. Most of these corporations generally control dozens of subsidiaries in one or more countries, with interests ranging from financing and ranching to processing and marketing. To find out more about the corporations involved, here are two revealing sources:

1) *Dollars and Dictators—A Guide to Central America* by Tom Barry, Beth Wood and Deb Preusch (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1983) 282 pp. It is distributed by the Resource Center, P.O. Box 4726, Albuquerque, NM 87196

2) *Hoofprints on the Forest: An Inquiry into the Beef Cattle Industry in the Tropical Forest Areas of Latin America* by Douglas R. Shane, prepared for the Office of Environmental Affairs, U.S. Department of State (Washington, D.C., 1980) 205 pp.



GISA meat packing plant. Photo by Chuck Williams.

YOUR LETTERS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY

X. WHAT CAN WE DO?

We must do something. The destruction of rainforests is outrageous. US involvement in that destruction is outrageous. Pass this pamphlet on to others to help increase their awareness about the social, economic, and ecological consequences of consuming TRF products, especially fast food burgers.

The indigenous peoples of Central America have learned to use the forest as a renewable resource. We need to support efforts to protect their homelands. Write to government officials in Central America asking them to recognize and protect the rights of their indigenous peoples. Support such groups as: Guatemala News and Information Bureau, P.O. Box 28594, Oakland, CA 94612 USA, Telephone: (415) 835-0810

Write to your US senators (US Senate, Washington, DC 20515) and representative (House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515) to demand the passage of legislation to eliminate all imports of beef products from Central America or any other region where tropical rainforest is being converted to cattle pasture. Also urge that all US agencies be prohibited from any direct actions or loans to foreign governments that would contribute to the destruction of tropical rainforest.

Write to Burger King, Public Relations, P.O. Box 520783, Miami, FL 33152, and other fast food corporations to demand that they eliminate all use of Central American beef. Suggest that they contribute to a superfund that would help finance national parks and reforestation projects in these countries.

Write to the World Bank (A.W. Clausen, President, World Bank, 1818 H Street N.W., Washington, DC 20433). Urge that all roadbuilding, dambuilding, settlement, and cattle ranching projects that disturb tropical rainforests be terminated and that no new projects be approved in the future. Send a copy of your letter to your senators and representative, who must approve funding for this organization and similar multilateral development banks.

Please send copies of your letters to the Rainforest Action Network, P.O. Box 5871, Tucson, AZ 85703.

★★★

LOST COAST WILDERNESS — OCEAN AND MOUNTAIN

By Bill Devall

King Range (Sinkyone-Lost Coast) Wilderness Proposal

(Editor's note: the following is Bill Devall's testimony at a BLM hearing in May speaking as a local contact person for Earth First!)

The King Range-Sinkyone Wilderness is the largest unroaded coastline in California. It contains remnants of old growth redwoods, habitat for cougar, bear, Roosevelt elk and bobcat. The oceans offshore teem with California sea lions, dolphins and gray whales migrating to and from their winter homes in Baja California. The Reagan Administration plans massive oil and gas leasing programs during the next five years offshore from the King Range and Redwood National Park, about a hundred miles to the north.

I have known the King Range for fifteen years. I participated in decisions leading to the adoption of the masterplan for the King Range National Conservation Area, and I have camped many times in the King Range. I have observed the impacts of ORV use on the beaches and I have discussed the history of human usage of the King Range with anthropologists and historians.

I realize that the BLM will only make recommendations to Congress concerning various options for designating Wilderness on these public lands in response to powerful political groups. My remarks are not addressed to the politically motivated conclusions you reached in the DEIS. My remarks are addressed to the need for protecting the integrity of the King Range, the beauty, diversity of lifeforms and intrinsic value of these areas and human use which is compatible with maintenance of the integrity of the King Range.

Earth First! concludes that the whole King Range is suitable for Wilderness and that the draft environmental impact statement which the BLM has produced is inadequate, incomplete and biased against Wilderness designation.

It is artificial to stop the Wilderness at the edge of the sea. The greatest threats to the integrity of wild quality on the beaches of the King Range, in our estimation, are threats in the ocean. In particular, threats of pollution, visual impairment, ship wrecks and disruption of wildlife due to oil and gas development or mineral development endanger the Wilderness.

Therefore we advocate an ocean-land National Wilderness Area. This would be the first such ocean-land Wilderness in the US.

Congess has reserved the right to establish Wilderness on public lands. Since President Reagan declared the 200 mile exclusive zone for all oceans surrounding the US, we argue that Congress can now consider these as "public lands" and designate portions of the ocean as "Wilderness" under the provisions of the 1964 Wilderness Act.

We propose that the BLM Wilderness recommendation be extended two hundred miles westward from the mouth of the Eel River to the Mendocino county line.

Ocean Wilderness designation would preclude exploration for oil, gas or minerals and exclude any offshore drilling or development of oil, gas or minerals.

Sport fishing and commercial fishing, regulated under existing law, would continue within the new Wilderness Area. However, we propose that all of the Wilderness land and ocean be designated a nuclear-free zone. This would ban any naval vessels armed with or powered by nuclear devices from the ocean portions of the Wilderness. Clearly nuclear war is a threat to all life. With this symbolic gesture of establishing the first nuclear-free land-sea Wilderness, Congress could establish the principle that, although humans might engage in warfare to kill each other, we as a species have no right to destroy the habitat of other species.

Our Wilderness proposal includes the whole King Range National Conservation Area excluding portions of the Shelter Cove subdivision which have commercial and residential structures. That is a resource compromise area and however undesirable it is, we accept that the Shelter Cove subdivision will remain, at least until destroyed by the next major earthquake. After the Earthquake we recommend that lands and properties in the subdivision be returned to the federal government and that Wilderness values be restored.

We propose that human-damaged areas of the King Range be treated as wilderness restoration areas. We advocate closing the Smith-Etter road, prohibiting all motorized vehicles from entering the Wilderness Area except in emergency situations, and closing the land strip at Big Flat. Various huts and cabins on the beach portion of the Wilderness would be maintained for hostels and for travelers in need of temporary shelter during heavy storms. This compromise is necessary to serve the vital needs of humans in distress, during storms. We recommend that the beach, including state lands below mean high tide, be declared Wilderness from the mouth of Telegraph Creek to the mouth of the Mattole River.

Chemise Mountain roadless area is included in our Wilderness proposal. This roadless area provides a corridor between the King Range and the state Sinkyone Wilderness State Park to the south.

We applaud the re-introduction of elk into their historic habitat in the King Range and look forward to re-introduction of mountain lions and grizzly bears. The Congressional act authorizing this Wilderness should include a statement of the wilderness restoration potential of the King Range.

Furthermore, we recommend that the new Wilderness be named the Sinkyone-Lost Coast Wilderness in honor of native Americans who were slaughtered during the American occupation of their homeland.

The King Range National Conservation Area was created by special act of Congress. Thus Congress recognized the special character of this area and set a precedent for land designation on public lands. Our Wilderness propoosal is innovative and logical based on federal law and the development of the wilderness concept and the philosophy of wilderness preservation in the US during the past century. We propose that Congress use this as a model for other such Wilderness Areas on the nation's coastline.

ROADKILL

NAGASAKI JOHNSON

One with the Earth . . . After an Earth First! Roadshow appearance in Lakeland, Florida, Randy (aka Hurricane) Hayes went out with his dear ol' Dad "Ace" to celebrate his graduation from college, just two months before his 35th birthday (that's Hurricane's birthday, not Ace's). After many rounds at Joann's Chili Bordello, the new Master of Arts stumbled homeward only to disappear. When neighbors called later to alert the family that Master Hayes had been found, a party was organized to retrieve the body, which was discovered face down, spread eagled in a pool of his own . . . well. Explaining the situation, brother Kerry told the concerned neighbors, "It's OK, he's an environmentalist. This here's a ritual that they do. He's hugging the Earth."

Rainforest Omelettes . . . A friend in Portland has discovered a nutritious way of getting even with Burger King for their role in tropical deforestation which will work at any fast-food franchise with a salad bar. First, you pay for your salad bar and get your bowl and fork. Then you sit at an unbussed table that has plenty of those disgusting foam burger boxes scattered about. When you approach the salad bar, have plenty of those empty boxes on your tray, closed to look like you just bought them. When it's your turn to take on food, just fill up each one with items like cheese, peppers, onions, olives, etc. On your way home, pick up a dozen eggs and voila! . . . a delicious omelette without grating, chopping, or cutting anything. No muss, no fuss!

Today's Chuckle: How can you tell if a Freddie has been using your word processor? Answer: By the white-out on the screen.

There's talk in the Bay Area of forming a Green Party. Bad idea, sez I. Why? Because I think we should *throw* a green party. And that's exactly what we will be doing at the 5th Annual Round River Rendezvous. Find out how saving the environment can be more fun than tearing it up. Be there, or be square.

Earth First! wins hardball game . . . Linn County Sheriff Kenneth Goin and County Prosecutor Jackson Frost stated last fall that they would no longer tolerate anti-logging protests in the Middle Santiam. Said Goin, "From now on, we are going to play hardball." You might recall that shortly thereafter, 3 people were literally read the "Riot Act" and charged with felonies under the 1870 riot law. Thanks to a little help from the ACLU, the law was recently repealed. Also, a federal court has limited the number of people who can be legally held in the Linn County Jail to 24, down from a high of over 80 last year. The result is that protestors are now being cited and released without bail. When asked by an Albany reporter about his reaction to the renewed protests, Goin replied, "I hate to think about it. We will take it one day at a time."

Know Thyself . . . In *Deep Ecology*, Bill Devall states, "Part of befriending a particular ecosystem or river is witnessing the ecosystem as self." (I quote rather loosely.) Or as John Seed put it, "It's not so much you defending the forest, but being part of the forest defending itself." Or as Nagaski sez, "I used to couldn't even spell rainforest, and now I are one."

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'FAT CATS' AMONG THE CONSERVATIONISTS

By Michael Frome

The large national conservation organizations are always asking for money to carry on their crusades. They do considerable good, to be sure, but I have watched them in recent years bog down in their own bureaucracies, complete with high-salaried executives, petty personal jealousies and rivalries, and a shift in direction from issues of principle to promotion of business.

When friends ask my advice on where to give their contributions, I caution them as follows: Think twice if the only time you hear from an organization is when it wants your money. Consider donating most of what you have to spare to some local or regional feisty, hungry, grassroots outfit which is really in need.

Jay Norwood "Ding" Darling was my kind of conservationist — a fighter, mover and shaker. He was renowned first as a newspaper editorial cartoonist, who then turned his talent and his energy to the protection of wildlife and natural resources. He was one of the early supporters of the migratory bird hunting stamp program. Though personally a Republican, he was appointed by Franklin D. Roosevelt to be chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, where he did a superb job in just a short time.

In 1936, Darling sparked organization of the General Wildlife Federation, which subsequently became the National Wildlife Federation. He wanted a grassroots action organization, but he watched the federation become anything but.

In 1946, he wrote: "I don't see how the federation can go on justifying its existence just by selling stamps and having a few executives in their home office and not making a campaign among the states which might organize and contribute to a national organization."

Those words are equally valid and challenging today. I recently read an article in the *Los Angeles Times* by Robert L. Jones, a perceptive environmental reporter, about the imminent change in leadership in three major national organizations, the Sierra Club, National Audubon Society and Wilderness Society. Jones wrote that he found the environmental movement "at midlife," facing a marked transformation — from volunteer effort to multi-million-dollar enterprise. Sierra and Audubon, he continued, have taken lessons from corporations and hired professional search companies to find new executives. "The list of qualifications handed to the professional searchers looks more or less identical to that required for the head of a division at, say, General Motors."

That, in my humble judgment, should never be. The article quoted Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, who is being kicked upstairs, as follows: "We're looking for a person who is strong in finance and budgets, who has a track record in management, who is alert to changes in the marketplace." And that should never be, either.

A friend sent me a copy of a letter dispatched widely by the chairman of the search committee at The Wilderness Society. That organization, the chairman explained, is looking for a chief executive to represent it effectively with funding resources — a fundraiser. The searchers want someone who understands the political system, is dedicated to conservation and public service. But substantive knowledge of public lands issues is secondary.

Well, I don't feel it is secondary. I believe it is critical and foremost to the making of an effective environmental leader.

It takes that kind of awareness based on experience, plus sensitivity to nature and deep concern for its future, but what the organizations are looking for are management experts and fundraisers. And at high prices. According to the article, the executive directors at Sierra and Wilderness each will be paid between $70,000 and $90,000 annually, while at Audubon the salary could go above $100,000.

I have no objection to a living wage in an age of high prices, and I don't begrudge anything to the well-paid executive of some profit-making enterprise. But when an ordinary fellow advances up the ladder to the affluent level, his outlook, interest and motivations change. He loses touch.

The same goes for crusading organizations as they become institutionalized in midlife. "I had hoped the federation would be the crowning achievement of my devotion to conservation," wrote DIng Darling in 1955, seven years before his death. "It is, instead, my greatest humiliation."

What would he say today? The National Wildlife Federation is big business. It employs about 500 people, many involved in mail order and merchandising, not in conservation. The salary of the executive head of the federation, Jay Hair, was not included in the article, so I inquired. "It's our policy not to give out salary information," a spokesperson at federation headquarters in Washington told me.

From other confidential sources I learned the Jay Hair, executive vice president of the National Wildlife Federation, is paid annually in the $120,000 range, plus a $15,000 expense account, plus a car and auto expenses, plus a fully furnished apartment in Washington, which allows him to spend most of his time at home in Raleigh, North Carolina.

That amount of money could sure do a lot of good for groups like the Idaho Sportsmen's Coalition, which Steve Hall, Jack Trueblood and other stalwarts organized last year in order to demonstrate that hunters and fishemen care more about protecting national forests than politicians realize. The coalition has been raising nickels, dimes and dollars to get its message across. Such, of course, may be the fate of the missionary, but I'm sure that Ding Darling would be proud.

He would be proud, also, of Don Aldrich, who for years was executive director of the Montana Wildlife Federation; Bill Meiners, the sparkplug of the Idaho Federation; Mort Brigham, of the Idaho Environmental Council; Dick Carter, of the Utah Wilderness Association; Clif Merritt, who left The Wilderness Society to form the grassroots-based American Wilderness Alliance, headquartered in Denver; and Tom Bell, who left the Wyoming Fish and Game Department years ago to organize the Wyoming Outdoor Council. These people are in the Darling tradition.

"The great irony," one of my friends said to me, "is that national environmental leaders mirror the foxes they have been chasing." I wouldn't put it quite like that. I have known many outstanding, highly principled people in the environmental movement. But if the national organizations insist on being run by fund-raising management specialists, they ought first to send them to the hinterlands to learn what the environment, and humility, are about.

Michael Frome, America's leading environmental journalist, is the author of many books, including ***Battle for the Wilderness*** *and the recently-released* ***Promised Land.*** *Mike is currently a visiting professor of wildland management at the University of Idaho. This article was originally published in* ***Western Outdoors*** *and is reprinted with the permission of the author.*

My Body, My Earth

By Barry Auskern

Was this the earth — squalid square miles of lots and plots pimpled with real estate offices, fast food chains, gas stations, shopping malls, factories, tickytacky churches, funeral parlors, concrete schools?
- David James Duncan, ***The River Why***

Earth: the ultimate waste-disposal unit. Once upon a time that is how we would symbolize the atmosphere: infinite space. Once upon a time that is how we symbolized the oceans: bottomless sinks. And today, that is how some scientists look at the tectonic plates: the new, improved, lemon-freshened model of the latest in a long line of shortsighted, ill-conceived, jury-rigged shit holes. So much for ecological awareness in the 1980's.

Real gut-level ecological awareness didn't begin for me until I began to make the connection between my Planet and my Self. As a graduate student with the Audubon Expedition Institute, I have started to focus on the parallels between what our culture does to Earth and what is happening to me. It's only when I start to connect my health to the health of the planet that I make real ecological connections. When I fall back into an acculturated, scientific, non-emotional way of looking at the world, my whole perceptual paradigm shifts, and things that are ecologically unacceptable become culturally desirable. The Expedition's recent visit to the phosphate mines of central Florida is a perfect case in point.

According to our hosts, only one quarter of one percent of our land has ever been mined. Think about it: one quarter of one percent. What a tiny, insignificant fraction of a percentage. The implication was clear: "Sure, what we're doing might *look* sort of ugly, us diggin' into the earth and all, but shoot, there's ninety-nine point nine nine percent of the land that's still virgin pure. So what's all this fuss over a little ol' phosphate mine?"

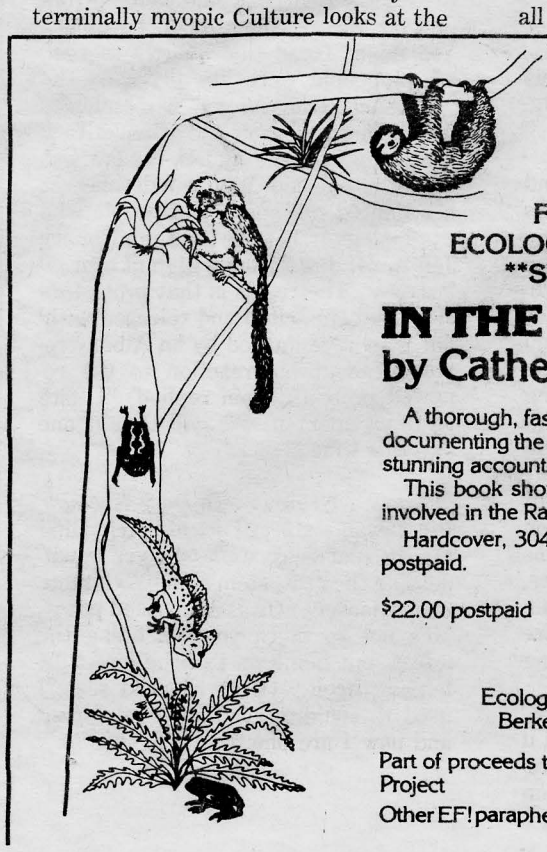
Sort of hard to argue with a scientific attitude like that, huh? If you get right down to it, it's kind of silly to get uptight about a phosphate mine when even though it *seems* monstrous and huge and ugly, it's only a fraction of a fraction of our land. At least that's what the Freddies would have us believe.

Until we begin to connect our planet to our own bodies — then the picture changes drastically. If the planet is *my* body, and I have had myself mined for phosphates, that means I'm going to be left with a strip of oozing flesh across my chest, a strip of flesh that's just over five inches long and one inch wide. A strip of flesh that's raw, that's charred, that's mutilated. Scarred. Shredded. Exposed. It's not a pretty sight. When people look at my chest they cringe and turn away. They turn away because they know something that the phosphate people and the mining people are too dumb and pigheaded and profit-hungry to ever realize: they know that my chest will never heal, that I'll always carry with me scars and scabs as an angry reminder of what was done to me.

When I think of the mining industry in these terms, things begin to change for me. I'm no longer willing to take what the scientists and the experts tell me is the gospel truth. When I hear how sulfur emissions and carbon monoxide levels in New York City have gone down over the last ten years (and I'm handed tables and charts and graphs ad nauseum to document it), I think, "Bullshit. Breathing this Manhattan air means I'm smoking the equivalent of two packs of cigarettes a day." It's easy for me to get lost in statistics, numbers and megatrends, and lose sight of what's really happening. But when I look at a row of smokestakes belching poison into the air, and when I make the connection between the atmosphere that soaks up those gases and my very own lungs, that's when I understand what's actually happening to my planet and to me. That's when I create my own worldview, because the dominant paradigm doesn't make sense any longer.

I get upset with the concept of Earth as the ultimate waste disposal unit — and that still seems to be the way our terminally myopic Culture looks at the planet. When I think of *my* body and the stuff I put into it, I know that I *become* that food. I know that not everything gets flushed out; I know that's why people get high blood pressure and ulcers. And diabetes. And cancer. And fat and tense and migranesandbackachesandzitsandtired. It all comes together. And if this dynamic is happening within me, then I'm pretty damn sure that the same thing is going on with the Planet. I know I can put only so much crap and garbage into my system before something starts to happen. Why should it be any different for Earth?

To me, that is what Deep Ecology is all about.



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BOOK REVIEWS

REMEDIES FOR FARMLAND WOES

By Gregory McNamee

Review of Wes Jackson, Wendell Berry, and Bruce Colman, eds., *Meeting the Expectations of the Land: Essays in Sustainable Agriculture and Stewardship* (San Francisco, CA, North Point Press, 1985). 250 pages. $12.50 paper.

It is hardly news to anyone that American agriculture is in a bad way these days. Thousands of small farmers and their families are being forced off their land every year, unable to compete with the industrial practices of modern agribusiness, in which a chicken, for instance, is not seen as an animal offering many useful products to humans, but as a commodity specializing in one area only: eggs or meat. The political and economic structure of the United States now militates against the small farmer, dependent upon unreliable machines and toxic pesticides for his daily bread, who finds little solace in the government's attitudes toward agriculture: witness federal budget director David Stockman's proclaiming that it's probably a good thing for these teeming anachonistic forty-acre types to go broke every now and then. And there are still worse problems: in the Great Plains, the Ogallala aquifer is drying up; in the desert Southwest, water tables are falling and costs are rising; even wetlands states like New York and Florida are facing water problems that work against the small farmer. All this is coupled with an increasing degradation of American farmland, especially loss of topsoil through poor agrarian practice: the ten states making up the Great Plains, for example, suffered wind-erosion damage to topsoil over an area of 4.01 million acres in 1984 alone.

Nature, the market, the government seem set to crush the small farmer one and for all. But, as the editors and authors of **Meeting the Expectations of the Land** argue, it is not too late to change the situation. In seventeen essays, such key agrarian critics as Wendell Berry, the Kentucky farmer-poet; Gary Snyder, the writer and deep ecologist (who cites the "growing popularity of the Earth First! organization" in rural and blue-collar areas as evidence that the environmental movement is not the elitist bunch that the Reagan administration makes it out to be); Amory and Hunter Lovins, the apostles of "soft energy"; and Gary Paul Nabahan, the arid-lands ecologist and superb writer, all offer suggested remedies to the seemingly incorrigible state of the small farm today.

Meeting the Expectations of the Land, an excellent book in many respects, is something of a mixed bag. Gary Nabahan's "Replenishing Desert Agriculture with Native Plants and their Symbionts," and Marty Bender's "Industrial Versus Biological Traction on the Farm," for example, are solid practical papers, each offering specific recommendations to farmers, the one advising desert agriculturists to follow Native American practices of runoff-field cultivation, the other marshalling statistics to indicate that the most cost-effective way to plow a field is with a good team of dray horses, a renewable natural resource, rather than with a sixty-thousand dollar tractor that does the land more harm than good. University of Hawaii historian Donald Worster's "Good Farming and the Public Good" and "Thinking Like a River," Wendell Berry's "Whose Head Is the Farmer Using? Whose Head Is Using the Farmer?" and Gary Snyder's "Good, Wild, Sacred" — a fine piece on preindustrial attitudes toward the Earth and human responsibilities toward it — address themselves more to philosophical issues surrounding the notion of land stewardship and ecologically sustainable use of arable lands. Other essays in **Meeting the Expectations of the Land** fall somewhere in between: John Todd's interesting essay "The Practice of Stewardship," for instance, offers both a practical means of reforesting Mediterranean-zone islands and proposes the creation of wandering arks — gigantic research vessels — to spread native seeds across the world and collect data on indigenous farming practices: at this point Todd's essay turns into something of a utopian exercise, but one well worth considering.

Despite the mix of styles and intentions, however, **Meeting the Expectations of the Land**, unlike many edited volumes by various hands, holds together in many ways. Each contributor echoes another in some respect, and each seeks to address common questions of interest to anyone concerned with issues of deep ecology: What is sustainable agriculture? (The answer that emerges is something like "sustainable agriculture is that which does no violence to the land.") What can farmers do to improve their lot in life, make a living, and yet practice sustainable agriculture in the age of mass-scale slash-and-burn crop production? (Simplify their lives. Bow out of the commodity-market economy. Make the expectations of the land their own expectations. Live up to the conservative charge that small farming is an anachonism.)

Meeting the Expectations of the Land is required reading for deep ecologists, for policymakers, and for farmers industrial and traditional. The first group of readers surely will be drawn to the book; whether it falls into the hands of the second and third groups remains to be seen, and that is the audience most in need of considering the various modest proposals contained in the book's pages. Followers of David Stockman's line of thinking are likely to dismiss them as liberal wishful thinking ("Sustainable agriculture" indeed, say the solid citizens on the board of International Harvester, Inc.); analysts of pork-belly futures will respond, in shocked whispers, that the whole of the American economy will collapse if farmers begin treating the land responsibly and thoughtfully; and the farmers themselves may never see the book, given the pitifully small budgets of rural libraries and the paucity of bookstores in Emporia, Kansas; The Plains, Virginia; and Havre, Montana. Unfortunately, no one in the agricultural-extension service or the Farm Bureau is likely to distribute copies to their clientele, even though widespread circulation of **Meeting the Expectations of the Land** and careful thought to its recommendations would do more good than any number of the subsidies and voodoo-economics programs currently governing American agriculture.

North Point Press publisher William Turnbull has remarked that "the arguments and data advanced in this book call for no less than a major reevaluation of our agricultural attitudes and policies." Turnbull is right on the mark, of course. Whether that reevaluation will be forthcoming is, unfortunately, an academic question at this time, although we can continue to hope for the best. Whatever the case, **Meeting the Expectations of the Land**, an important manifesto, is nothing short of essential reading for anyone concerned with the future of our land.

*Gregory McNamee is the co-editor of **Resist Much, Obey Little**, a critical anthology on the work of Edward Abbey, which will soon be released by Dream Garden Press.*

KILLING THE WOMB OF THE WORLD

***In The Rainforest,* Catherine Caufield, Alfred A. Knopf, NY, 1985, 304 pp, $16.95**

"Between 40 and 50 percent of all types of living things — as many as five million species of plants, animals and insects — live in tropical rainforests, though they cover less than 2 percent of the globe. These forests are the richest regions on earth in terms of biological diversity and in terms of pure bulk, the mass of living organisms packed into a given space," says Catherine Caufield. According to a report by the U.S. National Academy of Sciences that she quotes, "A typical four-square-mile patch of rainforest . . . contains up to 1,500 species of flowering plants, as many as 750 species of tree, 125 species of mammal, 400 species of bird, 100 reptile, 60 amphibian and 150 of butterfly, though some sites have more."

Caufield describes the enchanted forest, the veritable womb of the world. The figures quoted above indicate the *density* of rainforest life. The other dimension is the *diversity* of ecosystems that exist under the rainforest title. For example, the rainforests of Africa, Southeast Asia, Latin America and the islands scattered around the earth in temperate-equatorial zones are each different ecosystems and have few species in common. Even within each geographical area of rainforest, Caufield shows, this diversity persists with a species possibly occurring nowhere on earth but on one mountain range or one river bottom. For example, in the Amazon Basin, what may look like a continuous green mat is comprised of many whole, differentiated rainforest ecosystems. This means that preserving small parks or "reserves" of rainforest will not "save the rainforest."

Caufield has written a good book. She knows what she's writing about and she's traveled world-wide to see it first hand. Because of her ecological background, she is able to interpret different rainforest ecosystems for us. Caufield is not naive, she also illuminates the mechanics of rainforest destruction. Somehow she has the fortitude to continue examining the inventories of killing. Citing examples around the the earth, she adds to our knowledge of what we have lost, what we are now losing and who is responsible.

Caufield says that half of the earth's rainforest are already gone. She quotes one conservative study estimating that *rainforests world-wide are being cut at the rate of 30 acres per minute, sixty minutes per hour, twenty-four hours per day,* and depending on world events, the extinction of all will probably occur in our lifetime. When the extinction happens, covering fourteen percent of the earth's surface, an essential organ of the earth's body will have been torn out and fed to the Empire.

The starving peasants of the world are often blamed for destroying the rainforest because of over-population. Caufield snuffs this simplistic explanation. The real problem, she notes, is land distribution. The hierarchs of the colonies supported by the Caligulas of the world industrial Empire take the best land, forcing industrial peasants *and* natives to the periphery. But the peripheral peasant finds no solution to hunger in the rainforest, because farming quickly destroys the soil and changes the ecosystem permanently.

Logging is a similar dead-end in which the entire rainforest is destroyed to gain a few dollars. Of the tremendous variety in tree species, there is a commercial market for only a handful (twelve in Indonesia, twenty-five in Amazonia). Because of the diversity within the ecosystems, desirable species of trees are widely scattered, so that much of the forest must be clear-cut to get them. If selective logging is attempted, heavy equipment destroys much and irreparably disrupts the ecosystem.

The destruction by mines and hydro-electric dams is reviewed as well as the killing of the rainforest in order to graze the sacred cow.

Caufield's study, combined with Erik Eckholm's **Losing Ground** (Worldwatch Institute), now gives us a fairly comprehensive survey of the killing of the earth in all ecosystems (except Antarctica.)

Is this simply another example of the depraved, avaricious, suicidal nature of the "killer ape" human species? No. As a matter of fact, our human family has conducted itself quite well through the past million years or so. Caufield says there may be one thousand forest tribes (of the real, sane and stable human family) surviving world-wide, but points out that most of these are as endangered as their habitat.

Caufield quotes the anthropologist Betty Meggars (Amazonia) who has studied rainforest people to discover all of the means that they use to maintain population stability and ecological equilibrium.

Natural forest people, Caufield shows, range from forager-hunters to forager-hunter-agriculturalists. She gives the example of Lacandon Maya of Chiapas, Mexico. (Eighty families remaining who practice a forager-hunter-permacultural lifestyle that would impress even Bill Mollison.) This group raises over eighty species of crop plants and are ecologically stable although their habitat is being destroyed by outsiders.

In the Philippine rainforest Caufield examines tribal groups that plant 160 different crop species and forager-hunters who identify 1,600 categories of wild plant species. In northern Thailand, Caufield points to the Lawa, a tribe that has existed stabily through know history. She quotes anthropologist Peter Kunstadter who says that even small Lawa children can "distinguish successfully between 84 cultivated varieties plus 16 useful uncultivated varieties," of plants, "even at the stage when plants are less than a centimeter in size."

The highly cultured knowledge of living things held by these tribal groups does not occur in a vacuum. Although outside the scope of Caufield's study, Gerardo Reichel-Dolmatoff, one of the anthropologists (it seems) with ecological awareness, has provided a study (Amazonian Cosmos: The Sexual and Religious Symbolism of the Tukano Indians,) that shows the total individual, cultural, ecological and cosmological earth integration of that tribe.

Tens of thousands of differentiated tribes of the human family have existed in ecological equilibrium in the rainforest for tens of thousands of years. It is only in this present era that the depraved, avaricious, suicidal, "killer ape" group has erupted to the point of obliterating the habitat of all species. There is no problem with human nature. The problem is in the mutant, malignant social tumor body of Empire. The bad seed of Sumer has sickened unto its final cycle of the world-wide Imperial Culture of industrial materialilsm that would destroy the incredible beauty and life of the womb of the world for ten trees per acre or three years grazing for the sacred cow.

Caufield's study conveys the beauty and inestimable living treasure of the earth's rainforests. She also pulls the covers off the grotesque and depraved executioner. We must stop this slobbering monster quickly.

STRATEGIC MONKEYWRENCHING

From the Book "ECODEFENSE"

By Dave Foreman

The following article is reprinted from the book *Ecodefense: A Field Guide To Monkeywrenching.*

In early summer of 1977, the United States Forest Service began an 18 month-long inventory and evaluation of the remaining roadless and undeveloped areas on the National Forests and Grasslands of the United States. During this second Roadless Area Review and Evaluation (RARE II), the Forest Service identified 2,686 roadless areas of 5,000 acres or more totaling 66 million acres out of the 187 million acres of National Forest lands. Approximately 15 million acres of roadless areas were not included in RARE II because of sloppy inventory procedures or because they had already gone through land use planning after the first RARE program in the early '70s. All in all, there were some 80 million acres on the National Forests in 1977 retaining a significant degree of natural diversity and wildness (a total area equivalent in size to the state of New Mexico or a square 350 x 350 miles).

About the same time as the Forest Service began RARE II, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) began a wilderness inventory as required by the Federal Land Planning and Management Act of 1976 (FLPMA) on the 189 million acres of federal land that they manage in the lower 48 states. In their initial inventory, BLM identified 60 million acres of roadless areas of 5,000 acres or more (a total area approximately the size of Oregon or a square 300 x 300 miles).

Along with the National Parks & Monuments, National Wildlife Refuges, existing Wilderness Areas and some state lands, these Forest Service and BLM roadless areas represent the remaining natural wealth of the United States. They are the remnant of natural diversity after the industrial conquest of the most beautiful, diverse and productive of all the continents of the Earth: North America. Turtle Island.

Only one hundred and fifty years ago, the Great Plains were a vast, waving sea of grass stretching from the Chihuahuan Desert of Mexico to the boreal forest of Canada, from the oak-hickory forests of the Ozarks to the Rocky Mountains. Bison blanketed the plains — it has been estimated that 60 million of the huge, shaggy beasts moved across the grass. Great herds of pronghorn and elk also filled this Pleistocene landscape. Packs of wolves and numerous grizzly bears followed the immense herds.

One hundred and fifty years ago, John James Audubon estimated that there were several *billion* birds in a flock of passenger pigeons that flew past him for several days on the Ohio River. It has been said that a squirrel could travel from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River without touching the ground so dense was the deciduous forest of the East.

At the time of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, an estimated 200,000 grizzlies roamed the western half of what is now the United States. The howl of the wolf was ubiquitous. The condor dominated the sky from the Pacific Coast to the Great Plains. Salmon and sturgeon filled the rivers. Ocelots, jaguars, margay cats and jaguarundis roamed the Texas brush and Southwestern deserts and mesas. Bighorn sheep ranged the mountains of the Rockies, Great Basin, Southwest and Pacific Coast. Ivory-billed woodpeckers and Carolina parakeets filled the steamy forests of the Deep South. The land was alive.

East of the Mississippi, giant tulip poplars, chestnuts, oaks, hickories and other trees formed the most diverse temperate deciduous forest in the world. On the Pacific Coast, redwood, hemlock, Douglas fir, spruce, cedar, fir and pine formed the grandest forest on Earth.

In the space of a few generations we have laid waste to paradise. The tall grass prairie has been transformed into a corn factory where wildlife means the exotic pheasant. The short grass prairie is a grid of carefully fenced cow pastures and wheat fields. The passenger pigeon is no more. The last died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. The endless forests of the East are tame woodlots. The only virgin deciduous forest there is in tiny museum pieces of hundreds of acres. Six hundred grizzlies remain and they are going fast. There are only 20 condors. Except in northern Minnesota and Isle Royale, wolves are known merely as scattered individuals drifting across the Canadian and perhaps Mexican borders. Four percent of the peerless Redwood Forest remains and the monumental old growth forest cathedrals of Oregon are all but gone. The tropical cats have been shot and poisoned from our southwestern borderlands. The subtropical Eden of Florida has been transformed into hotels and citrus orchards. Domestic cattle have grazed bare and radically altered the composition of the grassland communities of the West, displacing elk, moose, bighorn sheep and pronghorn and leading to the virtual extermination of grizzly, wolf, cougar, bobcat and other "varmints." Dams choke the rivers and streams of the land.

Nonetheless, wildness and natural diversity remain. There are a few scattered grasslands ungrazed, stretches of free-flowing river undammed and undiverted, thousand-year-old forests, Eastern woodlands growing back to forest and reclaiming past roads, grizzlies and wolves and lions and wolverines and bighorn and moose roaming the mountains; hundreds of square miles that have never known the imprint of a tire, the bite of a drill, the rip of a 'dozer, the cut of a saw, the smell of gasoline.

These are the places that hold North America together, that contain the genetic information of life, that represent sanity in a whirlwind of madness.

In January of 1979, the Forest Service announced the results of RARE II: of the 80 million acres of undeveloped lands on the National Forests, only 15 million acres were recommended for protection against logging, road building and other "developments." In the big tree state of Oregon, for example, only 370,000 acres were proposed for wilderness protection out of 4.5 million acres of roadless, uncut forest lands. Of the areas nationally slated for protection, most were too high, too dry, too cold, too steep to offer much in the way of "resources" to the loggers, miners and graziers. Those roadless areas with critical old growth forest values were allocated for the sawmill. Important grizzly habitat in the Northern Rockies was tossed to the oil industry and the loggers. Off-road-vehicle fanatics and the landed gentry of the livestock industry won out in the Southwest and Great Basin.

During the early 1980s, the Forest Service developed its DARN (Development Activities in Roadless Non-selected) list outlining specific projects in specific roadless areas. The implication of DARN is staggering. It is evidence that the leadership of the United States Forest Service consciously and deliberately sat down and asked themselves, "How can we keep from being plagued by conservationists and their damned wilderness proposals? How can we insure that we'll never have to do another RARE?" Their solution was simple and brilliant: get rid of the roadless areas. DARN outlines **nine thousand** miles of road, one and a half million acres of timber cuts, 7 million acres of oil and gas leases in National Forest RARE II areas before 1987. In most cases, the damaged acreage will be far greater than the acreage stated because roads are designed to split areas in half and timber sales are engineered to take place in the center of roadless areas, thereby devastating the entire biological integrity of the larger area. The great roadless areas so critical to the maintenance of natural diversity will soon be gone. Species dependent on old growth and large wild areas will be shoved to the brink of extinction. (The situation may be even worse than this. *Forest Planning* magazine reported in their October 1984 issue that Forest Service staff estimated that **35,000 miles** of road would be built in 20 million acres of currently roadless areas during the next 14 years. *Editor's update: in this issue of* ***Earth First!****, Howie Wolke points out that the correct figure is* ***70,000 miles of new road in roadless areas in 15 years.***)

The BLM wilderness review has been a similar process of attrition. It is unlikely that more than 9 million acres will be recommended for wilderness out of the 60 million the review began with. Again, it is the more spectacular but biologically less rich areas that will be proposed for protection.

During 1984, Congress passed legislation designating minimal National Forest wilderness acreages for most states (generally only slightly larger than the pitiful RARE II recommendations and concentrating on "rocks and ice" instead of crucial forested lands). In the next few years, similar picayune legislation for National Forest wilderness in the remaining states and for BLM wilderness will probably be enacted. The other roadless areas will be eliminated from consideration. Conventional means of protecting these millions of acres of wild country will largely dissipate. Judicial and administrative appeals for their protection will be closed off. Congress will turn a deaf ear to requests for additional wildernesses so soon after disposing of the thorny issue. The effectiveness of conventional political lobbying by conservation groups to protect endangered wild lands will evaporate. And in half a decade, the saw, 'dozer and drill will devastate most of what is unprotected. The battle for wilderness will be over. Perhaps 2% of the United States will be more or less protected and it will be open season on the rest. Unless . . . .

Many of the projects that will destroy roadless areas are economically marginal (for example, some Forest Service employees say that the cost for the 35,000 miles of roads in currently roadless areas will exceed *$3 billion* while the timber they are designed to harvest is worth less than $500 million). It is costly for the Forest Service, BLM, timber companies, oil companies, mining companies and others to scratch out the "resources" in these last wild areas. It is expensive to maintain the necessary infrastructure of roads for the exploitation of wild lands. The cost of repairs, the hassle, the delay, the downtime may just be too much for the bureaucrats and exploiters to accept if there is a widely-dispersed, unorganized, *strategic* movement of resistance across the land.

It is time for women and men, individually and in small groups, to act heroically and admittedly illegally in defense of the wild, to put a monkeywrench into the gears of the machine destroying natural diversity. This strategic monkeywrenching can be safe, it can be easy, it can be fun, and — most importantly — it can be effective in stopping timber cutting, road building, overgrazing, oil & gas exploration, mining, dam building, powerline construction, off-road-vehicle use, trapping, ski area development and other forms of destruction of the wilderness, as well as cancerous suburban sprawl.

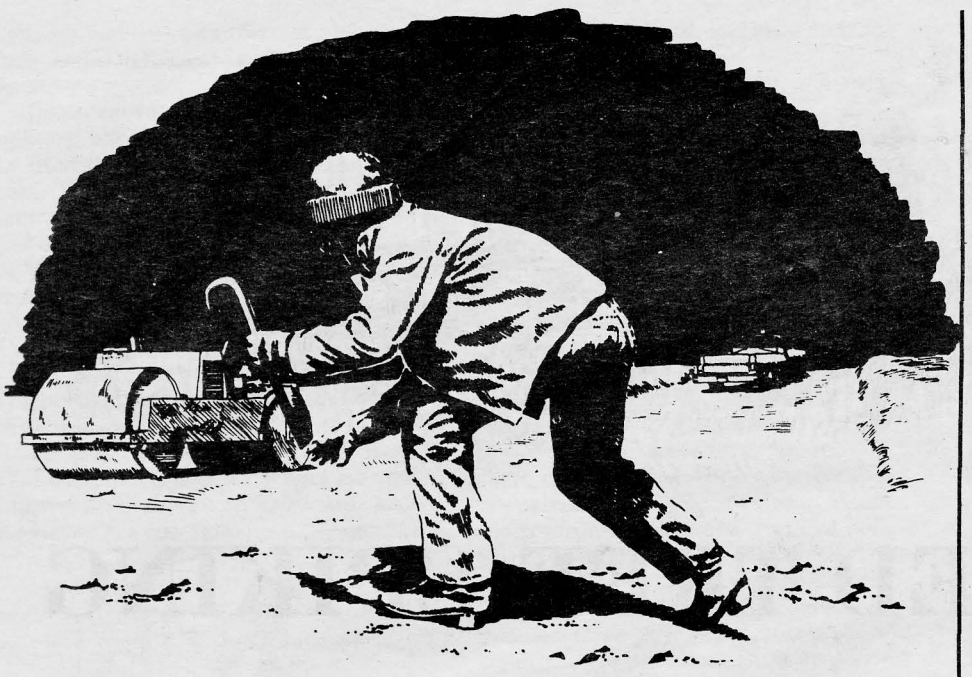
But it must be strategic, it must be thoughtful, it must be deliberate in order to succeed. Such a campaign of resistance would follow these principles:

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS NON-VIOLENT**

Monkeywrenching is non-violent resistance to the destruction of natural diversity and wilderness. It is not directed towards harming human beings or other forms of life. It is aimed at inanimate machines and tools. Care is always taken to minimize any possible threat to other people (and to the monkeywrenchers themselves).

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS NOT ORGANIZED**

There can be no central direction or organization to monkeywrenching. Any type of network would invite infiltra-



tion, *agents provocateurs* and repression. It is truly individual action. Because of this, communication among monkeywrenchers is difficult and dangerous. Anonymous discussion through this book and its future editions, and through the Dear Ned Ludd section of the *Earth First!* newspaper seem to be the safest avenues of communication to refine techniques, security procedures and strategy.

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS INDIVIDUAL**

Monkeywrenching is done by individuals or very small groups of people who have known each other for years. There is trust and a good working relationship in such groups. The more people involved, the greater are the dangers of infiltration or a loose mouth. Earth defenders avoid working with people they haven't known for a long time, those who can't keep their mouths closed, and those with grandiose or violent ideas (they may be police agents or dangerous crackpots).

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS TARGETED**

Ecodefenders pick their targets. Mindless, erratic vandalism is counterproductive. Monkeywrenchers know that they do not stop a specific logging sale by destroying any piece of logging equipment which they come across. They make sure it belongs to the proper culprit. They ask themselves what is the most vulnerable point of a wilderness-destroying project and strike there. Senseless vandalism leads to loss of popular sympathy.

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS TIMELY**

There is a proper time and place for monkeywrenching. There are also times when monkeywrenching may be counterproductive. Monkeywrenchers generally should not act when there is a non-violent civil disobedience action (a blockade, etc.) taking place against the opposed project. Monkeywrenching may cloud the issue of direct action and the blockaders could be blamed for the ecotage and be put in danger from the work crew or police. Blockades and monkeywrenching usually do not mix. Monkeywrenching may also not be appropriate when delicate political negotiations are taking place for the protection of a certain area. The Earth warrior always thinks: Will monkeywrenching help or hinder the protection of this place?

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS DISPERSED**

Monkeywrenching is a wide-spread movement across the United States. Government agencies and wilderness despoilers from Maine to Hawaii know that their destruction of natural diversity may be met with resistance. Nation-wide monkeywrenching is what will hasten overall industrial retreat from wild areas.

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS DIVERSE**

All kinds of people in all kinds of situations can be monkeywrenchers. Some pick a large area of wild country, declare it wilderness in their own minds, and resist any intrusion against it. Others specialize against logging or ORV's in a variety of areas. Certain monkeywrenchers may target a specific project, such as a giant powerline, construction of a road , or an oil operation. Some operate in their backyards, others lie low at home and plan their ecotage a thousand miles away. Some are loners, others operate in small groups.

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS FUN**

Although it is serious and potentially dangerous activity, monkeywrenching is also fun. There is a rush of excitement, a sense of accomplishment, and unparalleled comaraderie from creeping about in the night resisting those "alien forces from Houston, Tokyo, Washington, DC, and the Pentagon." As Ed Abbey says, "Enjoy, shipmates, enjoy."

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS NOT REVOLUTIONARY**

It does *not* aim to overthrow any social, political or economic system. It is merely non-violent self-defense of the wild. It is aimed at keeping industrial "civilization" out of natural areas and causing its retreat from areas that should be wild. It is not major industrial sabotage. Explosives, firearms and other dangerous tools are usually avoided. They invite greater scrutiny from law enforcement agencies, repression and loss of public support. (The Direct Action group in Canada is a good example of what monkeywrenching is *not*.) Even Republicans monkeywrench.

*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS SIMPLE**

The simplest possible tool is used. The safest tactic is employed. Except when necessary, elaborate commando operations are avoided. The most effective means for stopping the destruction of the wild are generally the simplest: spiking trees and spiking roads. There are obviously times when more detailed and complicated operations are called for. But the monkeywrencher thinks: What is the simplest way to do this?

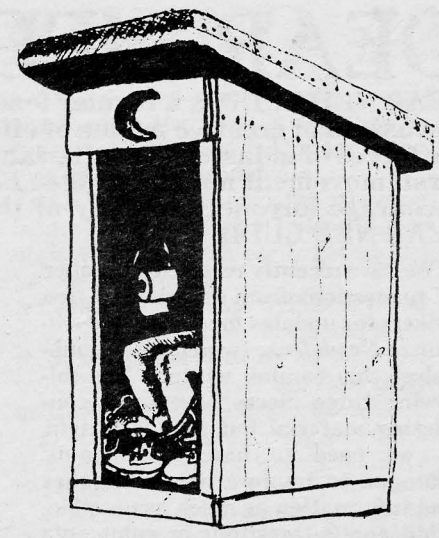
*** MONKEYWRENCHING IS DELIBERATE AND ETHICAL**

Monkeywrenching is not something to do cavalierly. Monkeywrenchers are very conscious of the gravity of what they do. They are deliberate about taking such a serious step. They are thoughtful. Monkeywrenchers — although non-violent — are warriors. They are exposing themselves to possible arrest or injury. It is not a casual or flippant affair. They keep a pure heart and mind about it. They remember that they are engaged in the most moral of all actions: protecting life, defending the Earth.

A movement based on these principles could protect millions of acres of wilderness more stringently than any Congressional act, could insure the propagation of the grizzly and other threatened life forms better than an army of game wardens, and could lead to the retreat of industrial civilization from large areas of forest, mountain, desert, plain, seashore, swamp, tundra and woodland that are better suited to the maintenance of natural diversity than to the production of raw materials for overconsumptive technological human society.

View from the Outhouse

By Robert Streeter



The Swallowing Of Walden Pond

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." Ah, yes, the timeless, mellifluous words of Henry David Thoreau. I stood in front of the words on a spring morning, the words carved in wood and painted white, about twenty feet from the site of Thoreau's cabin on Walden Pond. I listened to sounds Thoreau never heard; traffic on a major highway, a diesel locomotive, jet planes, and the muffled sound of fm stereo somewhere in the woods. Henry would weep.

I am told that 15,000 people use this pond on every summer day, and a total of 750,000 people visit each year. If Henry were alive he would surely build somewhere else, somewhere far from the urban sprawl which has swallowed the land he once loved. Although the 62-acre pond and surrounding forest has been set aside as a state park, it is merely an enclave of trampled beauty in a burgeoning mass of humanity.

Across the street from Walden Pond are large parking lots to handle the thousands of daily visitors. It is true that Thoreau loved visitors, but 15,000 a day is hardly what he had in mind when putting three chairs in his house; "one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers there was but the third chair for them all, but they generally economized the room by standing. It is surprising how many great men and women a small house will contain." If his cabin still stood, indeed he would be surprised.

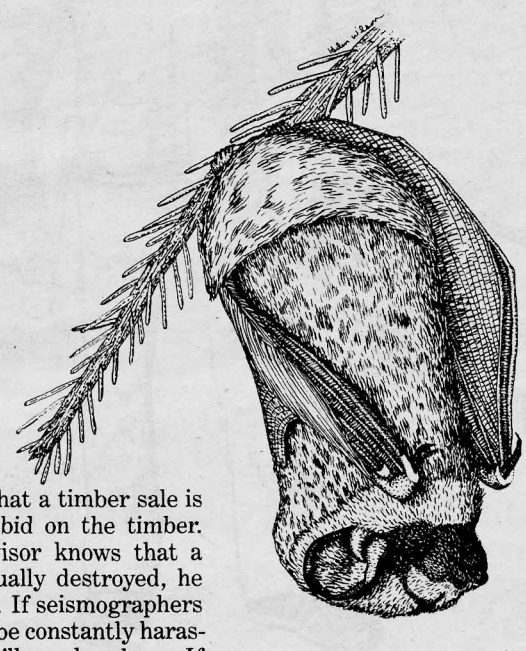
Next to the parking lots is a monstrous landfill, complete with aroma. Wind-blown debris lies pressed against the fence which defines the landfill. The sounds of diesel engines roar from its bowels, and from Route 2 which borders both the landfill and the once-quiet forests of Walden Pond.

Thoreau loved his solitude as much as the occasional visitor. "My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hilltops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself . . . for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself." Today , his closest neighbors are sandwiched between the parking lots and landfill, residing in structures our species may never surpass for aesthetic clumsiness: mobile homes.

I stood there in Thoreau's little world, some 138 years after his presence at Walden, and discovered what I knew I would find. The "tonic" he called solitude was missing, smothered, eroded and washed away like much of the bank which encircles the pond. Some say he saw it coming, but I doubt in Thoreau's wildest nightmares that he could have seen the high-tech rape of the land in 1985. He knew, though, that we were capable of crimes much worse than he had seen, against each other and the planet, and he begged the world to "simplify, simplify."

The world refused to listen then, and will not listen now. Nothing has changed, Henry. The nature of the beast remains the same. Simplification is a ludicrous idea to those who will take the time to consider it. There are specialized careers to pursue, resources to exploit, space shuttles to launch, missiles to build, and taxes to pay in support of it all. Why stay home and grow your own food? Gardens can't equal the turn-on of a Big Mac, home computers, and 24-hour banking.

If Henry were alive, his visits to Walden would be short, if at all. My visit was less than an hour. Before leaving, I stepped inside the tiny chained-in rectangle which marked his home-site, and I tried to envision the placement of those three chairs. The first two looked sturdy and well-seasoned against an imaginary table, but the third chair, burdened for too many years, lay in pieces on the floor.



If loggers know that a timber sale is spiked, they won't bid on the timber. If a Forest Supervisor knows that a road will be continually destroyed, he won't try to build it. If seismographers know that they will be constantly harassed in an area, they'll go elsewhere. If ORVers know that they'll get flat tires miles from nowhere, they won't drive in such areas.

John Muir said that if it ever came to a war between the races, he would side with the bears. That day has arrived.

DEAR NED LUDD

DEAR NED LUDD is a regular feature in *Earth First!* for discussion of creative means of effective defense against the forces of industrial totalitarianism. Neither the Earth First! movement nor the staff of *Earth First!* necessarily encourage anyone to do any of the things discussed in DEAR NED LUDD.

ADVANCED TREE SPIKING

We have recently received a number of suggestions from experienced tree spikers for updates for the second edition of *Ecodefense* (which will be published this coming winter). The following three pieces have some conflicting material but that is alright — we need to have an ongoing dialogue to improve our techniques and information as much as possible. Additional suggestions or comments on any of the following material would be welcomed. Perhaps the most important area for monkeywrenching research and development is for a non-metalic spike (immune to metal detectors) that could still cause serious damage to sawmill blades. Maybe some kind of super-hard ceramic or a rock core that could be inserted in a hole drilled in the tree. Any ideas would be welcomed.

By T.O. Hellenbach

As the incidence of tree spiking in defense of forests increases, so will the sophistication of law enforcement countermeasures. In response, the dedicated spiker must adopt new techniques that enhance effectiveness while increasing both safety and security. Following are some of the more advanced techniques for spikers.

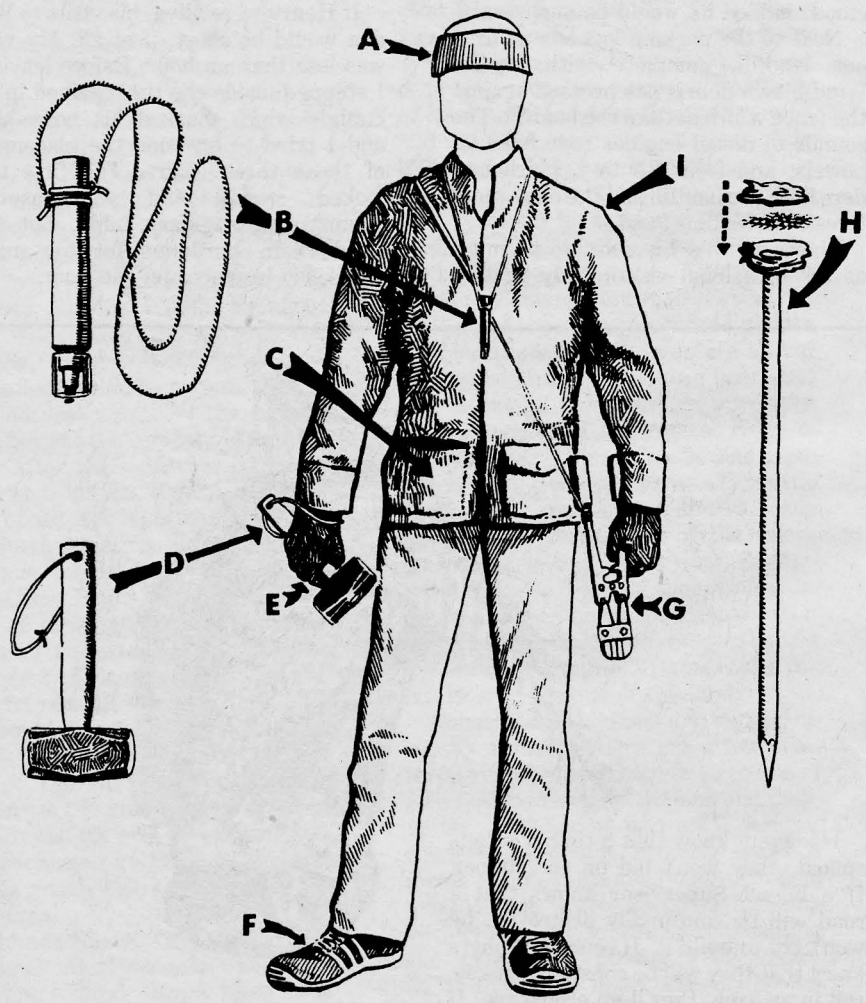
PURCHASING SUPPLIES

All supplies should be purchased in areas far removed from the target forest, preferably in the anonymity of a large urban area. Locating fifty and sixty penny nails is not as easy as might be anticipated, so be prepared to stop at a pay phone and call around to hardware stores, lumber yards and home improvement centers. This is better than being seen at every store in town asking for an unusual size of nail. Buying from large lumber yards with several clerks increases the chances of being forgotten. Shop on busy days (like weekends), pay cash (nothing larger than $20 bills), and buy in sufficiently large quantities (boxes). Have the most non-descript male in your group do the puchasing (a woman buying a box of large nails is still unusual, and more likely to be remembered if police question store clerks looking for descriptions of people buying certain items.) If a friendly or nosy clerk asks what you are buying an item for, tell them you're just picking it up for a friend, or an uncle in the construction business.

INSERTION

Your spiking team is best delivered to the target area using the drop and pickup technique (discussed in **Ecodefense**), with the vehicle safely leaving the area. Use major roads for both drop and pickup. In lightly traveled areas, team members can stay ducked down in the seat, feigning sleep, so that the car/truck appears to residents and passersby to be occupied by only a driver. Remember, an area may get "hot" if the Freddies discover your spiking in progress, so make sure the pickup and alternate emergency pickup points are a good distance away in a well-traveled area. Both the driver and the team must have plausible reasons for being in the area. Disguise yourself with the appropriate props. Photographers carry cameras, spare lenses, and a lot of film; birdwatchers have binoculars, bird books, and a notebook and pen with a list of bird species spotted; rockhounds carry rock hammers (difficult to drive spikes with) and sacks of rock samples; artists carry sketch pads, pencils and erasers. Pick a disguise suitable for chatting with a friendly ranger in case you are stopped (whose curiosity may be thinly veiled law enforcement inquiries).

Teams should be kept small and must be made up of people with an intense loyalty to each other. The testimony of a co-conspirator carries more weight in Federal Court than in most state courts, so members who cooperate with police can do serious damage all by themselves. Loyalty to friends is usually more powerful than loyalty to a cause when in the hands of police. Never allow jealosies or rivalries within a team.



THE WELL DRESSED TREE SPIKER

A: Concealing headgear (cold weather watch cap shown); B: Felt-tip pen; C: Pockets with flaps: D: Hammer with lanyard to free hand for using cutters; E: Cheap cloth gloves; F: Running shoes; G: 14 to 18 inch bolt cutters (carried from cord sling); H: Spike nail with reinforced silicon silencer; I: Lightweight jacket in forest colors.

APPROACH

When approaching the target as day hikers or backpackers, stash all unnecessary gear at a concealed location far from the target area. Hide your things near a prominent landmark that can easily be located again. It should be far enough from the target to allow you to shake off any pursuers before returning to your gear (half a mile to a mile). Carry a large green, brown or black plastic trash bag to hide your excess equipment among rocks or under a fallen tree. Cover with a thin layer of branches, needles and other debris. Always memorize your landmarks so you can find your cache quickly.

On your final approach to the target area, you should be wearing inconspicuous clothing in forest colors (greens, greys, browns). Bright colored clothing, even blue jeans, can be spotted from a long distance. Avoid a "uniform" look that will appear unusual to other hikers. Carrying a change of pants and an extra windbreaker can allow you to change your appearance before hiking out to your pickup pooint. Carry your gear in a small pack. Pockets used to carry spikes or other items should have flaps to secure them. Carry no ID. "Crusher" type hats with narrow brims can conceal hair color. Long hair should be tied back and tucked under a hat or inside the collar. Don't lose your hat since it will contain hairs which are possible evidence. Footgear should consist of light weight boots or running shoes. The key question is "Can you run far and fast in them?" Do not wear slip-on tennis shoes since they will fall off when you run. Wear cheap cloth gloves ($2 to $5 a pair) and dispose of them when leaving the area.

FREDDIES

Be wary of everyone in the area. Freddies looking for tree spikers will not be in uniform. They will dress, sound and look everyone else. Plainclothes Freddies even prowl campgrounds and recreation areas looking for litterbugs and unleashed dogs. That husband and wife couple with the picnic lunch may be a couple of GS-9's with citation pads and guns (yes, guns) in with the baloney sandwiches. The guy with the fly-rod down by the creek may be looking to hook more than fish. Suspect everyone. Most of all, act normal when you encounter others. Smile, say "howdy," and keep moving.

In heavily spiked areas, the Freddies may take to carrying portable metal detectors (such as are used at airports) to check out backpacks. Spiking equipment will have to be carefully cached in the target area ahead of time, allowing the actual spikers to enter and exit the area without carrying out incriminating tools and such. All cache items, tools and plastic bags, must be free of fingerprints. Urinating at several spots around and over a buried cache can preoccupy nosy dogs and frighten away wild, but curious, animals.

SPIKING

When possible, begin spiking in late afternoon or early evening. If you are discovered, you can use the coming nightfall to conceal your escape.

Begin spiking by loudly driving one spike into a tree. Promptly move away and conceal yourself well. Watch to see if the sound draws any curious people (Freddies). Watch all around, since you don't know from which direction they'll come. Two people should face in opposite directions for maximum security. Wait fifteen minutes, then repeat this procedure. If no one arrives after a couple of attempts at "baiting," proceed with your spiking.

Tree spikers should wear lightweight safety glasses. This may sound unnecessary, but the backwoods are no place for an eye injury from a flying chip of bark.

Proper spiking entails two steps: spiking and nipping. Drive all but the last half-inch of the nail into the tree at a slight angle (to insure that a sawmill blade cuts through at an angle, hence, thicker metal); then cut off the nail head with bolt cutters to prevent its removal from the tree. One or two people handle the spiking while one person handles the nipping and recovers or conceals the nipped nail heads.

Spikes can be prepared in the following manner: Sharpen the points slightly on a bench grinder to make them easier to drive. Bundle them together in small bunches so they don't rattle around in a suspicious manner. Coat the heads with a blob of white silicon caulk. This deadens the pounding noise by 30 to 50%, even though the silicon may fall off after a half a dozen good hits. Silence is golden. The white silicon makes the nipped nail heads easy to spot and conceal (just push them under the matted needles of the forest floor). One method of toughening the silicon silencers involves dipping the wet silicon into a pile of short 1/4 inch fibers cut off the end of a hemp or sisal rope. A thin layer of silicon on top sandwiches the reinforcing fibers and helps to hold the silicon together under pounding.

Never drive a spike into the lower three feet of a tree where it might be hit by a logger's chainsaw. Tree spikers respect all life and will endanger no one.

Hammers should ideally be of the small sledge variety, whose weight and large striking surface make them more effective. They should be tailored to the individual. A big, strong guy should use a 5 pound head (the number on the hammer head indicates the weight) while a smaller man or woman should use a 3 pounder. Short handles are compact but long handles allow for a two-handed grip. Good hammers can be bought for under $10 — shop around. Covering the head of the hammer to deaden the sound of pounding nails has proven to be ineffective.

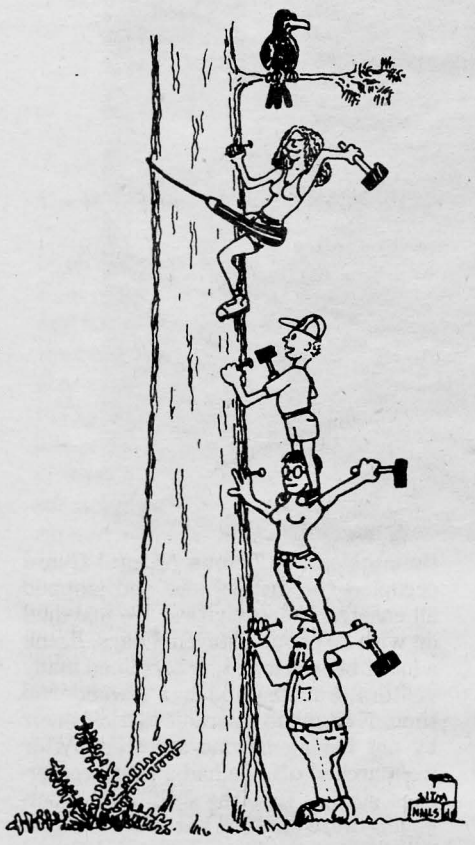
Metal detectors are routinely used to scan both standing and felled trees to check for nails and other metal. Although spikers usually limit themselves to one nail per tree for maximum coverage, several spikes should be randomly placed in single trees now and then. Additionally, planting two spikes in a tree inches apart can lead to the discovery and removal of one, while the second one is overlooked until struck by the blade at the sawmill. Smaller 30 and 40 penny nails (driven by someone too small to effectively drive larger

spikes?) can serve to distract and confuse metal detection and removal efforts.

Cheap canvas carpenter's aprons or military surplus pouches on belts can be used to hold the spikes for easy access. White canvas aprons should be spray painted a dark color.

Bolt cutters for nipping off the ends of the nails must be at least 14 inches long for maximum effectiveness. They should not be larger than 18 inches. Cost: $20 to $25.

Be careful when cutting off the heads. They can fly up to 25 feet away. With a little practice you can keep this under control. Wear safety glasses! Bolt cutters are necessary because end nippers do not work on large nails and hacksaws are too slow.



The nipped end of the nail can be further concealed by wearing a permanent large felt marker or a cord around your neck. Quickly darken the shiny metal end of the nipped spike. For one-handed operation, where you don't have to remove the cap each time, slip a short piece of 3/8 or 1/2 inch clear acrylic tubing (available at home improvement centers) over the end, allowing the tip to protrude slightly. Otherwise the exposed tip will leave marks on the front of your clothing.

While spiking, always be on the lookout for trouble. Periodically stop to look and listen. Work out an inconspicuous bird-type whistle as a danger signal. A loud whistle worn on a cord around your neck can be used to signal trouble and to escape.

When you finish spiking, carefully and silently leave the area. Stay off trails and roads. Unused nails should be buried and forgotten. There is no point in getting caught with evidence to save a couple of bucks on nails. If you have the money to spare, abandon the hammers as well. Otherwise, you can stash them somewhere for later recovery. Slip into other clothing and bury your spiking garments in your pack. The Freddies may have been notified by someone and will be looking for someone fitting your former description. If you carry your tools out, make sure that they are hidden in the trunk of a car or inside the camper shell of a pickup before driving too far out of the area.

Never return to an area you have spiked. Both the Freddies and loggers will patrol in areas hit by spikers.

ESCAPE

Even the finest planning and preparation cannot insure that you will not encounter a not-so-friendly forest ranger while approaching, spiking or withdrawing from the target. If you are stopped while you are "clean" and innocent looking, be casual and friendly. Remember, most people see the forest ranger as a friendly, benevolent person, and are courteous to them. You should be, too. At the same time, don't be so friendly that you are sickly sweet. This makes you look like an asshole trying to put something over on them. Be friendly, keep it brief, and keep on truckin'.

If you are caught spiking, the first couple of seconds are critical.

When a loud and authoritative voice booms out, "Hold it right there!" ninety-nine people out of a hundred will freeze up and become instantly docile. Don't kid yourself, you will too. If you are mentally prepared, you can recover from the shock of the confrontation, and skip out with wings on your feet. Prepare yourself by running this pre-arrest scenario through your mind. Do it dozens of times. Say to yourself, "If they approach from this side, I'll run towards those trees over there." In short, mentally rehearse your escape, pre-selecting avenues of retreat. When the confrontation comes, run like hell. Stick together as much as possible but run. Running in an essentially straight line will allow you to outdistance your pursuer. Once your pursuer(s) is out of sight, change direction. Duck up a side canyon, or down a draw. Move more quietly now, and listen for sounds behind you. Sometimes you can conceal yourself and let them pass by you. Other times they will sit still, trying to hear or spot you. Hiding can be as important as running once you have put a little distance between you and the Freddies. Don't panic and pick just any hiding place. Find a dark hole in some brush or in a tangle of fallen timber and back into it. Use any loose materials at hand to quietly cover yourself. Keep your face covered or it will expose you.

Once you have hidden yourself, consciously control your heavy breathing as a means of calming yourself. You may have to stay hidden for half an hour before it's safe to slip away.

A nearby landmark can serve as a pre-arranged rendezvous point if spikers should become separated. Otherwise, they will have to make their separate ways back to the pickup point. The cache where your backpacks are hidden can also serve as a rendezvous point.

Once you have evaded the immediate pursuit, get rid of your spikes, tools, and any other incriminating items. Bury them in shallow holes in out of the way spots. Make sure the surface appears undisturbed before you leave.

Most escapes fail not through an ability of the pursuers, but usually when their quarry loses heart. No matter how bad the situation seems, you must try to escape. No matter how close they are behind you, you must allow your adrenalin and muscles to carry you to safety. No one is going to shoot you as you run, so run for all you're worth.

Carrying a small escape kit in your pocket can aid your escape and improve your morale. It must be kept small. One valuable item is an elastic bandage since it's easy to twist an ankle while running all-out through the forest. A few hard candies can provide enough sugar to give you a new reserve of energy. A small, pocket-sized flashlight will allow you to move on dark nights. A compass and a topo map of the area can allow you to re-orient yourself after your escape and put you on the right course. Know how to use them.

PREPARATION

Proper spiking techniques will become increasingly important as this form of wilderness defense spreads. Read this material several times until you understand it. Stay in good physical shape by hiking and learning to move silently and well through the wilderness. Mentally rehearse your escape scenarios and "What will I do if . . . ?" This provides good mental training and preparation.

SPIKING #1

Twenty penny nails are four inches long, not six and a quarter as is stated in the **Ecodefense** book. They are the largest common size nail in hardware stores but many of these stores also sell 30, 40, 50 and 60 penny nails (or spikes). Thirty penny nails, also called 4 1/2" spikes, are of course 4 1/2" long and seem to me to be more useful for tree spiking than the 20 penny nails for two reasons:

1)They are much thicker and heavier and therefore less likely to bend when driven into trees;

2) Because of their heftier size, they are likely to cause more damage to saw blades. (Blades have been known to cut right through some small nails.)

Although they are 1/2" longer than 20 penny nails, 30 pennies are easier to drive into trees because their heavier size precludes as much hassle with bent nails. They number 23 or 24 per pound and cost 65 cents a pound.

Cut off the heads of all the nails with a pair of bolt cutters before entering the spiking area. You can easily cut off 12 or 15 heads a minute this way, and leave the bolt cutters somewhere far away from the scene of the "crime."

Although it doesn't sound right, 30 penny nails are somewhat easier to drive into tree trunks with a two pound hammer without their heads on them (from my experience) so cutting the heads off beforehand will not be the problem you may expect.

Drive the nail into the trunk until it is almost flush with the bark. Do not allow the hammer to make substantial contact with the bark and thereby leave telltale signs of spiking on the tree.

To drive the headless nail deep into the tree where it cannot be removed, use a tool called a "pin punch." It has a symmetrical, non-tapered shaft on the driving end. Well equipped hardware or auto parts stores often carry these or can order them for you. The 1/4" pin punch is the one to use with 30 penny nails since the diameter of the shaft is only slightly larger than the diameter of the nail. It costs $4 to $5.

Set the punch up carefully, firmly, and in direct line with the nail and sharply tap it into the trunk as far as it will comfortably go (no further than the punch can be easily extracted). In most softwoods (pine, fir, spruce, redwood, etc.) this will be an inch or more. Hardwoods are more work, but it is possible with more effort. As the punch drives the nail into the wood, it will create its own tunnel to follow, making the hammering much easier. Getting started is the tricky part, but it becomes easy with a little practice.

Cram a little bark in the hole for camouflage and you have a spiked tree with no outer sign of it. For larger spikes, larger diameter pin punches will be required.

SPIKING #2

After spiking a particularly egregious Freddie timber sale, we'd like to suggest the following field notes for future editions of **Ecodefense**:

1) A lightweight aluminum extension ladder is very useful for spiking higher up in trees (you can easily get up ten feet or even more).

2) Buy your spikes well before you need them, wet them down, and leave them out in the weather so they rust well. Rusty spike heads are essentially invisible against the bark of a tree.

3) Bring some glue along to stick a piece of bark over the spike head (if it's not rusty).

4) A carpenter's apron is very useful for spiking. Keep different sized spikes in different pockets. There are also loops for various hammers.

5) A ballpeen hammer is very useful for driving a spike deeper into the tree. After hammering it flush with a regular heavy hammer, use the small end of the ballpeen to smash it deeper into the tree so that it is more difficult to extract. If done months before a timber sale, any sign of hammering on the bark will have faded. The carpenter's apron is handy for carrying your regular hammer and ballpeen.

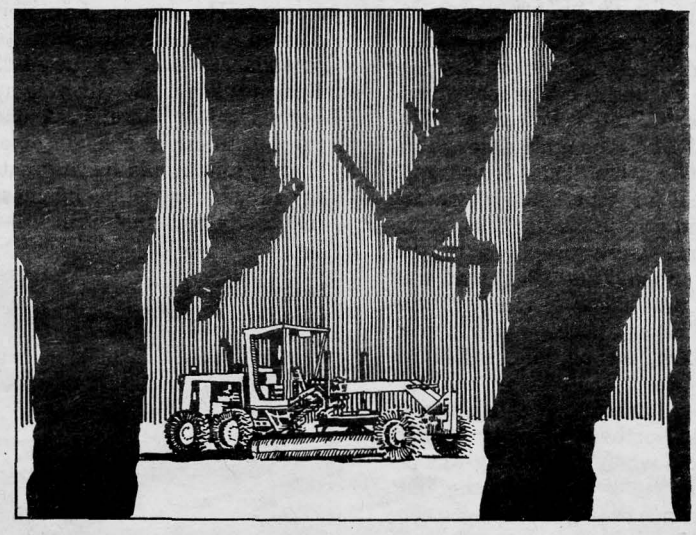
6) Logging crews generally leave the woods by 4:30 or 5:00 pm if you want to be daring and slip in during a logging operation.

7) Spiking at night (even with a full moon) is difficult because you cannot be sure (in non-clearcut sales) which trees are marked to be cut (blue paint is used in our area and it is very difficult to see in the night). Night spiking can be easily done, however, on already felled trees.

8) Although it sounds loud up close, the noise of spiking doesn't carry very far in the woods — especially when the wind is blowing.

A final thought: Many people seem to argue against spiking trees low where the spikes will zap the chainsaws of the tree fellers because it might injure them. We doubt that it's that dangerous and besides no one is forcing the fellers to go into the woods and kill old growth trees. If they want to take the chance of encountering defensive metal implants with their chainsaws, that's their decision. It seems to us that spiking to prevent felling is even more valuable as a deterrent than spiking to trash a sawmill blade. A combination of the two would be best, we think.

ECODEFENSE:
A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching



Edited by Dave Foreman
Forward! by Ed Abbey

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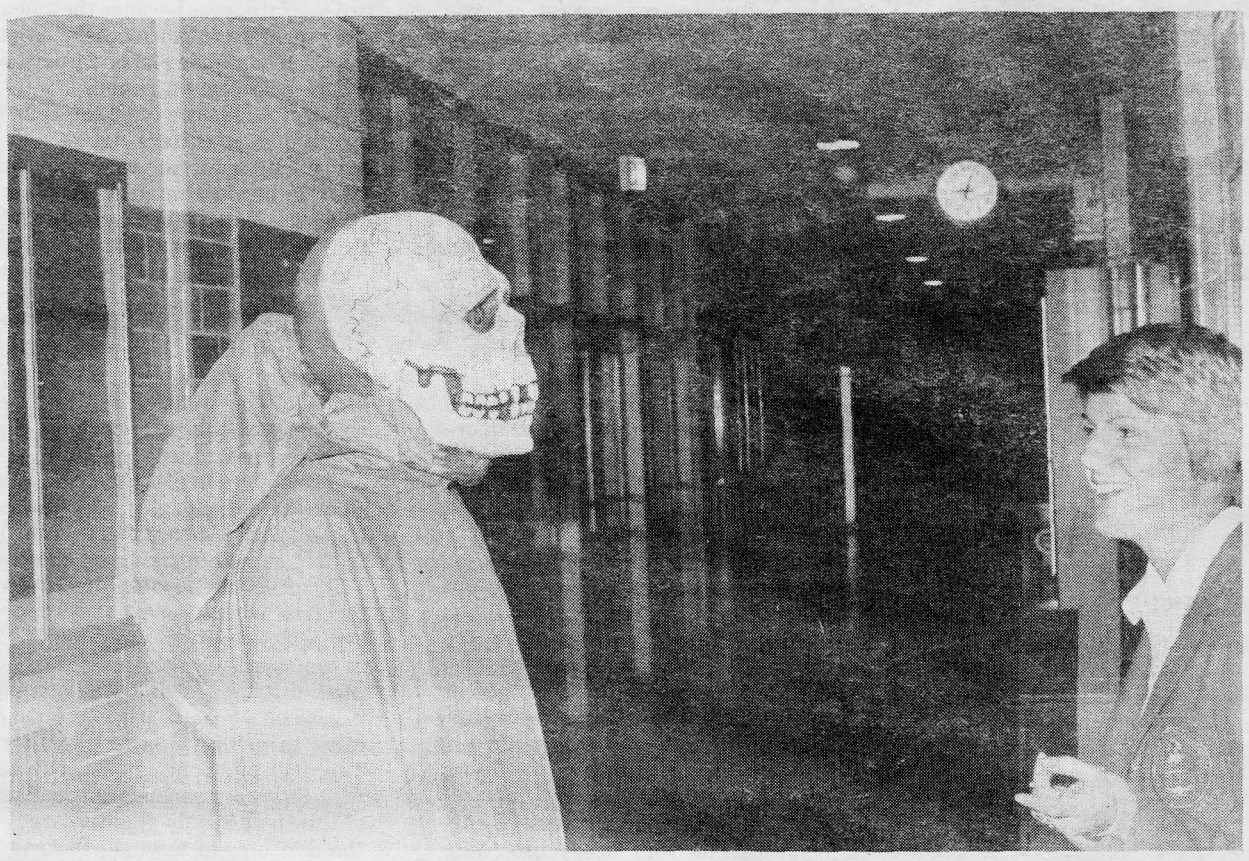


On the banks of the Chippewa River, north of Durand, Wisconsin, near where a steamboat landing once jutted into the river, two large tubes protrude from the river. One takes in water with a noisy rushing sound, frightening away bald eagles and other wildlife from the game refuge across the river. The other returns water degrees warmer and slightly radioactive. A little over a mile away, where a pine grove once grew, stand several huge domed buildings humming with the sound of massive power. From these buildings powerlines string in all directions crackling over radioactive ground. Where native prairie grass, puffballs, and wildflowers grew there are now rows of pines destined to become fence posts.

It is July 4, 1985. All is quiet. No cars. No people. On this date, almost sacred to no-nukers in the upper-midwest, no celebration takes place in the schoolyard of the now-dead village of Tyrone. No picnic lunch, no singing, dancing, swimming, or volleyball, only the quiet, unseen, unfelt, drift of radioactive decay. The Grim Reaper has apparently won.

This, thank Ford, is not the case. Only in dreams circulating in the beady little minds of utility excutives does this take place.

Tyrone, you see, was to be the site of two 1150 megawatt SNUPPS nuclear power plants (dubbed the Tyrone Energy Park). The first reactor was to have gone on line this summer. If not for the efforts of midwestern environmentalists from Northern Thunder, Badger Safe Energy Alliance, Northern Sun Alliance and many other groups and individuals, the nightmare above-mentioned would probably have come true. We will celebrate our victory once again during the Tenth annual Tyrone No-Nukes picnic — on site — at Tyrone, this July 4th.

The Tyrone Energy Park (TEP) was one of the original SNUPPS (standardized nuclear utility power plant systems) nukes. The AEC had offered a deal to major utilities that if they came up with a standardized design for a series of nuke plants, they (AEC) would hold one national set of hearings on the design. Once rubber stamped, only site-specific hearings would need to be held (thereby shortening the licensing period and limiting citizen participation).

The plants to be built at Tyrone were 1150 megawatt pressurized water reactors. The architect-engineer on this project was to be Bechtel. The major utility, Northern States Power of Minnesota (N$P). N$P bought, stole or condemned 4,600 acres. Their long range plans called for four 1150 megawatt reactors and a reprocessing plant.

The plants were proposed in the early 70's. Soon after the plant was proposed, N$P asked Northern Thunder, a local Eau Claire environmental group, (which, incidentally, had a recycling center located in a N$P warehouse at that time), to support the project. Northern Thunder studied the issue and when their study was released in the fall of 1973, both the TEP and nuclear power in general were condemned. After the report was released, Northern Thunder contacted the Tyrone residents fighting the plant and joined forces. The local folks had already announced their position on the plant by tomatoing N$P officials at an area information meeting.

Northern Thunder asked for and received a short-lived spending ban on N$P in 1976 . This ban was imposed by the Wisconsin Public Service Commission. The ban was lifted in early 1977. N$P continued down the path called, "Let's spend our way to a state construction permit."

Northern Thunder put together a street theatre group called "Last Gasp Theatre Arts Troupe." The group participated in Eau Claire's Buy-centenial parade and several protests and rallies.

On July 4, 1976, we held our first picnic on the reactor site. Dave Simpson, a local Durand protester, climbed a 100 meter meteorological tower declaring that a new revolution was beginning. He spent the day in the tower while the rest of us picnicked in the "park." The picnic has become an annual affair and even now six years after the plant was stopped, turnouts are fairly large.

In the fall of 1976 Northern Thunder organizers traveled to the Minneapolis/St. Paul area and sowed the seeds for the Twin Cities anti-nuke movement. This led directly to the formation of the Northern Sun Alliance. Twin Cities organizers became very instrumental in the stopping of the plant, through support networks, legal work, canvasing actions and good old non-violent direct action.

In November of 1976, the second phase of NRC hearings were held. These were chaired by hearing examiner Ivan Smith. N$P's principal attorney was Gerald Charnoff. (We sympathize with the TMI protesters who are fighting the same dastardly duo). During public testimony at these hearings, the only written testimony in favor of the plant (out of 100 submittals) came from a character called the Grim Reaper. He appeared in person and handed a written statement to a court attendant which was titled "Thirteen Reasons Why the Grim Reaper Supports Nuclear Power" . A quote from the beginning of this statement reads that Tyrone would be "a great asset to my already flourishing business." After his testimony the Grim Reaper sat down amongst the utility executives and their lawyers making them very, very nervous. "Grim" appeared time after time after this hearing - always driving the media wild. His last known appearance was at an anti-powerline rally in Lowery, Minnesota, where he buried Justice.

Stan Siebert, Mayor of Tyrone, Wisconsin

1977 was a year of parades, picnics, and balloon releases. We were denied a permit for a local Durand parade, so we held our own parade before the regular one started. Many people didn't know the difference. Scores of people came out of the crowds and joined us. We held a balloon release from the site. The Grim Reaper made a surprise visit. He told the people that in effect they "might as well go home," because they "would not stop the plant anyway." The group's response to this statement was best expressed by one child who kicked the Grim Reaper in the ass. Organizers traveled thoughout the Midwest speaking at demonstrations at several of the other SNUPPS reactor sites. Local groups used powerline siting maps to alert farmers that they were in the path of a powerline that would be built if TEP was. This brought people out of the woodwork against the plant. Several local governing bodies held elections in which anti-Tyrone measures were approved.

In November of 1977, Northern Thunder's lawyer discovered a law written in 1907 which prohibits an out of state corporation from owning or operating an electric generating facility in Wisconsin. In light of this law, the Wisconsin PSC threw out N$P's application for a construction permit. However, just when we thought the plant was dead, N$P shuffled paper with their Wisconsin subsidiaries and was allowed to continue with their application.

In 1978, the NRC granted a permit for construction which surprised no one. We then spent a lot of time gearing up for state hearings to be held in the fall.

The 1978 Tyrone No-nukes picnic was attended by Dave Simpson, our tower climber; Sam Lovejoy, who toppled a tower at a nuke site in Massachusetts; and by bolt weevils from Minnesota. Organizers were surprised when the tower remained standing the next morning. Over 800 people attended the 1978 picnic.

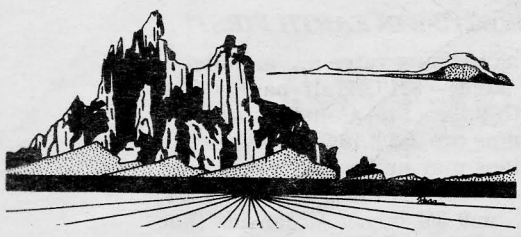
In August of 1978, N$P started surveying on site with lasers. This work took place at night. But, things go bump in the night. So, protesters brought spotlights to help the surveyors see (anything but the ruby laser). Later that month N$P began to dig a test well. Protesters looked at this as the beginning of construction. Many of us had vowed to stop the plant by whatever means was necessary. So, in early September, 1978, a group calling themselves the Tyrone Natural Guard occupied the drilling site and stopped all construction activities. We marched on with 30 people, stayed 6 days, drank a lot of beer, feasted, entertained many visitors & media and had a wonderful time. N$P made a serious tactical error by not having anyone arrested. After we marched off, we had a press conference stating that the drilling and surveying were stopped but that the "eyes and ears of the Tyrone Natural Guard were watching and that if construction began again we would return." The public response in our favor was overwhelming. This was a major factor in turning the tide at the PSC in our favor.

In spring of 1979, the state PSC denied N$P a construction permit. Soon after that a ban on nukes in Wisconsin was imposed.

The area's activists have not rested on their laurels, however. We are working to stop a possible nuke dump in Wisconsin or Minnesota. We are fighting N$P's shipments of spent fuel rods from their plant at Monticello, Minnesota, to temporary storage facilities in Morris, Illinois. These are shipped by train on rails that parallel the Mississippi River. Some of us are active in CUB, the nation's first citizen's utility board.

This brief history of the fight to stop the building of a nuke at Tyrone is by no means exhaustive. However, it is hoped that Earth First!ers can learn from our methods and enjoy what we have accomplished.

Until the next time the voice of history from the midwest speaks, so long!



ARMED WITH VISIONS

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EL PULPO

The Tsimshian Indians of the Northwest coast have a story about Wegets the Raven who fell from heaven and decided that rather than land on kelp and sink out of sight like his brother did he would land on rock. He became embedded in the rock and he had to entice the land otter to free him. There is a large petroglyph along the Skeena River that the Tsimshian honor for it shows the outline of Wegets' shape. This poem does not concern itself with mythology cut into stone.

The head had split into
more than a crack, wide
open in front
right down the middle
and back. The body
the body scraped into a waterproof
green sack. The fireman who longs for fire
the fireman sprayed a hose over the place
where the body had lain. "Lain"
is not exact. Where the body attempted
to impress itself in the cement.
An aesthetic of failure and solidity
curses poets and business executives.
Only the chalk circle remained.
The remembrance of a stain.
Eli M. Black
president and chairman of United Brands formerly
United Fruit Company, **El Pulpo**, on Monday
February 3, 1975, fills his briefcase
with large and heavy books leaves
his Park Avenue apartment and ascends
to the 44th floor of the Pan Am building
and uses his briefcase full of heavy books
and large and smashes the quarter
inch plate glass window throws
the briefcase out the jagged hole
and in 6 seconds at one hundred
mph the book filled
briefcase hits the street he leaps
and lands on Park Avenue in heavy traffic
"jumper . . . east side Pan Am Building . . . on the ramp."
In six seconds he could remember, could repeat,
if he wanted to, I don't know what he wanted, to fly?
not likely, his words, his words would
trail like a slimy banner--
"You know, I'm never able to look at Kissinger
without thinking how similar we are." The officer
at the scene said "It's a hell of a thing
to do. Jumpers don't care.
With the traffic he could have taken
any number of people with him.
They don't think of anyone down below."

JOE NAPORA
Oxford

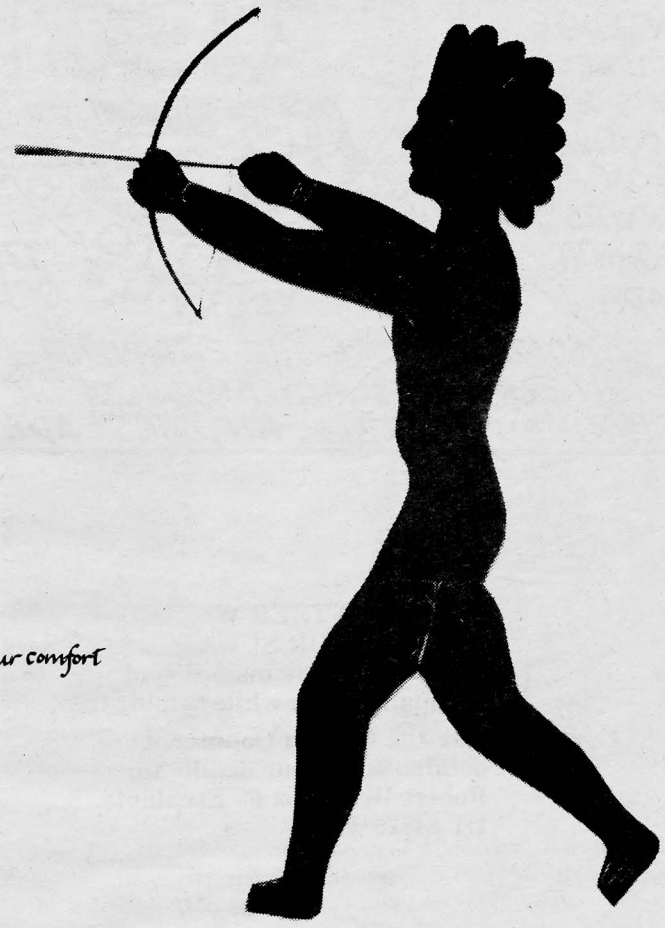
dark moon rising

this storm breathes ruin
it is past the time for remorse
or repentence
i am the dream stealer
the unmaker, mother of undoing
i raise the dreaded ones
myriad shapes of embodied Fury
children of my monstrous hunger
to unravel the warp of continents
the weft of civilization
i am the wolf at the door
the thorn in your side
the face that turns you to stone
i am the harpy to hound you from your comfort
& sunder your complacency
i am coyote
vulture
& crow
feeders on succulent death
i am many bodies
but one desire:
to feast on the city's sad, violent flesh
there is no tricking me
for i am called FATE and
i cut the thread

. . .

the owl is on the wing
at the end of days

darkfire



Untitled

The bed rocks softly,
coward to our violence,
betraying us by giving out only these homey sounds.
No mouth piece for us who have crawled so far.
Don't let them arrange any face in the casket,
I could not be that carefully smiling
with you cold against me.

THERESA WHITEHILL
San Francisco

I dance from the side
watching those who know
better the rhythm of
lifting and swinging
the hoe over the head
back dipping to earth
my hips will move but
stiffness comes as if
I hold too firmly
to the ground
girdle, old girl
don't balance
on one arm
move into the middle
and drum a grin
up

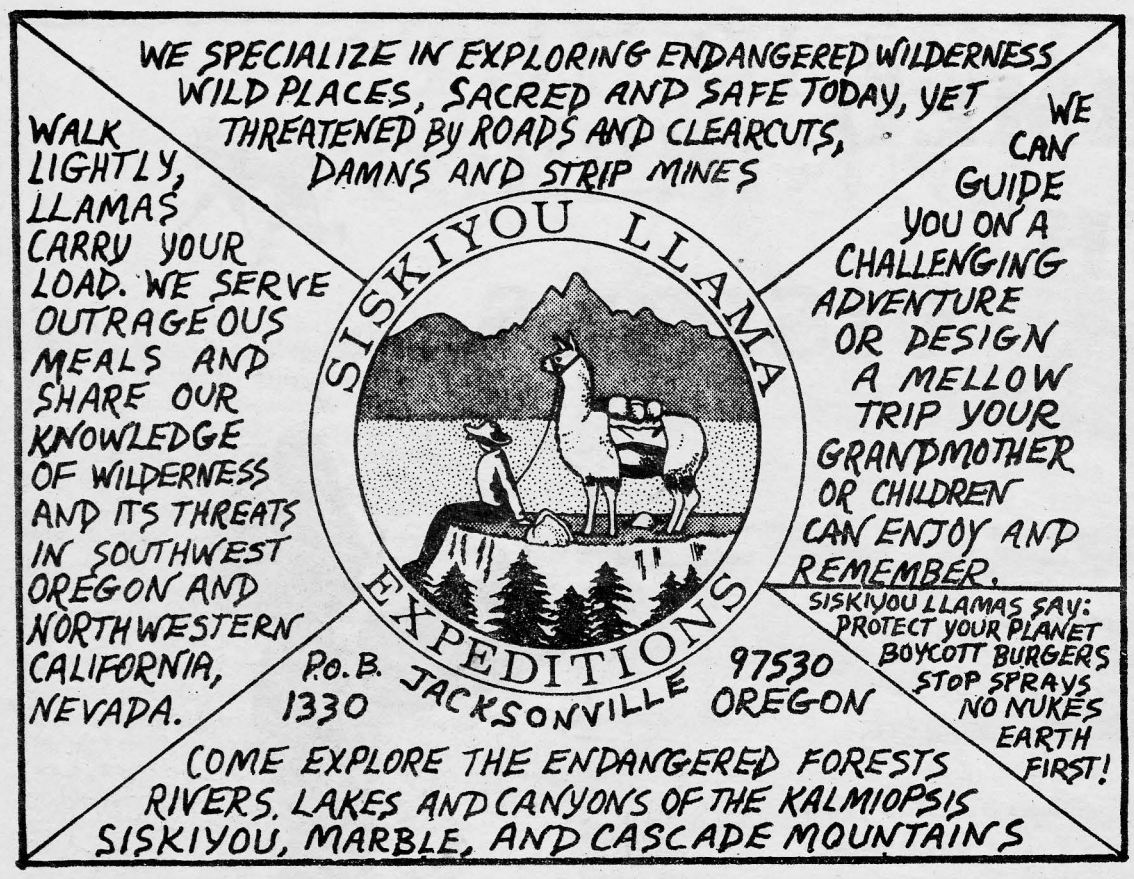
-C. Robyn Hunt
San Francisco

POSTCARD FROM NICARAGUA

Dear Artful
Poetry and the revolution
have merged and
it is unbelievable

Unsigned
1984

Sierra Nevada Wildflowers — © Kottara '84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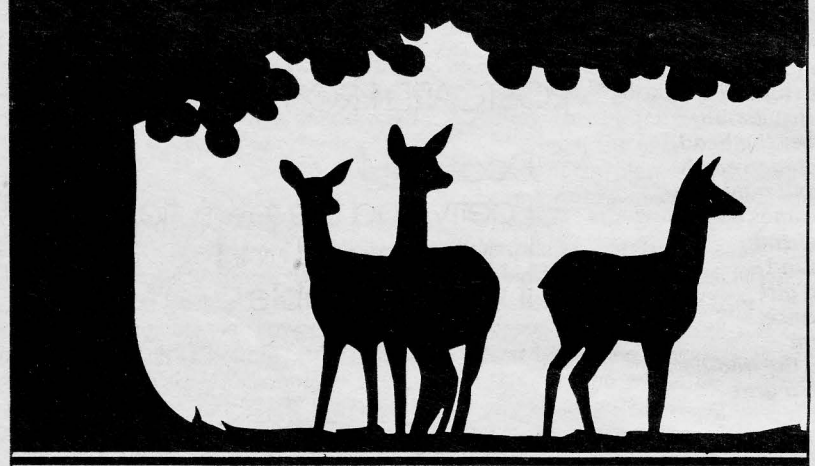

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BACK ISSUES

Yes, back issues of *Earth First!* are available for $1 apiece (to cover our postage and handling expenses). Some of the early issues are already out of print and numbers are running low on others, so order those you wish now.

YULE Dec. 21, 1981 (Vol. II, No. II) First Earth First! Road Show; Oil Leasing in Wilderness Areas; EF! Preserve System; Many early photos of Earth First!.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1982 (Vol. II, No. III) Earth First! by Dave Foreman (reprinted from *The Progressive*); letters from *Progressive* readers; Oil Leasing in Wilderness Areas.

EOSTAR March 20, 1982 (Vol. II, No. IV) Mardie Murie Interview; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; EF! meeting in Eugene.

BELTANE May 1, 1982 (Vol. II, No. V) Little Granite Creek Drilling Controversy; GO Road; John Crowell; Western Civilization by Chim Blea; Monkeywrenching Seismo Crews; Jail: A Primer.

LITHA June 21, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VI) Little Granite Creek; Moab Roads a BLM WSA; Chim Blea on Babies; Dinkey Creek & McKinley Sequoias; What To Do as an EF!er; Caribou in Maine.

LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VII) Rendezvous at Little Granite Creek; Dustrud Resigns as *EF!* Editor; Gary Snyder on Violence; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; Little Granite Survey Stakes Pulled.

MABON Sept. 21, 1982 (Vol. II, No. VIII) ***Out Of Print***

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1982 (Vol. III, No. I) BLM Rotten in Utah by Clive Kincaid; Ed Abbey on Books & Gurus; Bob Marshall's 1927 Inventory of Big Wilderness; Dear Ned Ludd/Closing Roads; Foreman Runs for Sierra Club Board; Mama Rue on Samhain; Bill Devall on Nuclear War; Foreman on Endangered Species & Wilderness; How To Do An EF! Wilderness Proposal.

YULE/BRIGID Dec. 21, 1982 (Vol. III, No. II) Salt Creek Blockade; Nightcap Blockade in Australia; Bisti Mass Trespass; Howie Wolke on *Real* Wilderness; Ned Ludd/Closing Roads; Foreman on Primeval Wilderness Management; Bill Devall on Earth Bonding; Foreman on Books; Ed Abbey on Pigs; Mama Rue on Yule; Wilderness & the Bible; Juniper Chaining in Utah; Bisti.

EOSTAR March 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. III) Franklin River Blockade in Australia; Salt Creek Blockade; GO Road and Bald Mt Road; Chim Blea on Domestication; Howie Wolke on RARE III; Bisti Circus; Deciduous Forest Ecosystem Preserve; Nightcap Blockade Photos (Australia); EF! White Cloud Wilderness Proposal(Idaho); Ned Ludd/Cutting Torch; Howie Wolke on the Wilderness Act; Road Show Diary; EF! in Sonora; Spurs Jackson on Books; Ed Abbey on The Big Woods; Navajo Sam; Nagasaki Johnson on Tactics; Mama Rue on Eostar; Creative Littering.

BELTANE May 1, 1983 (Vol. III, No. IV) Bald Mt Blockade; GO Road; Howie Wolke on Moderation; EF! Wyoming Wilderness Proposal; Canyonlands Nuke Dump; Maze Tar Sands; EF! Smashes Earth Last!; Ned Ludd/Helicopters; California Desert Sellout by BLM; Otter G'Zell on Whales; Mama Rue on Beltane; *Reenchantment of the World* Review; John Seed on Australia Rainforest Direct Action; Bigfoot Interview.

LITHA June 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. V) Wilderness War in Oregon; Bald Mt Blockaders' Personal Accounts; Mama Rue on Summer Solstice; EF! Wilderness Preserve System and Map; Head of Joaquin on Utah; EF! Glen Canyon Demonstration; Franklin River Victory in Australia; Ned Ludd/Radios; GO Road Stopped; Reform of the Forest Service; Ed Abbey on Conscience of the Conqueror.

LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1983 (Vol. III, No. VI) Bald Mt Road Stopped!; Round River Rendezvous; Marcy Willow: You; Chim Blea on Population Control; Photos of EF! Glen Canyon Demo; The Endangered Rainforest by John Seed; Watt Enters Coyote (A Greek Tragedy) by Marc Brown; John Seed on Anthropocentrism; EF! and Dignity; Mama Rue on Lughnasadh.

MABON Sept. 21, 1983 (Vol. III, No. VII) ***OUT OF PRINT***

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1983 (Vol. IV, No. I) Sinkyone Redwood Blockade; EF! National Forest Campaign; Rainforest Burgers by Roselle; Bald Mt in Retrospect; EF!: The First 3 Years (with many photos); Howie Wolke on the Forest Service; *Conservation Biology* review; The Battle of Salt Creek (an epic poem) by Marcy Willow; Watt's Last EIS.

YULE Dec. 22, 1983 (Vol. IV, No. II) Forest Service Attacks Wilds, National RARE II Suit, DARN Report, Wolke on the Forest Service; EF! Utah Wilderness Proposal; EF! Ishi Wilderness Proposal (California); How To Do An EF! Wilderness Proposal; Ed Abbey in Utah; EF! Black Rock Desert Wilderness Proposal(Nevada); Sinkyone Struggle; Greenpeace in Siberia; *An Ecological & Evolutionary Ethic* Review; Coors "Beer;" Chim Blea on the Humanpox; Ned Ludd/Vehicle Modifications.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. III) Oregon RARE II Suit; EF! Idaho Wilderness Proposal; Tuolumne; Forest Service Arrogance; Ned Ludd/Smoke Bombs; Head of Joaquin on Trapping; Coors in Shenandoah.

EOSTAR March 20, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. IV) Burger King Protest; Shipwrecked Environmentalism; Solomon Island Rainforest Action; Bald Mt Road Crumbles; Southern Utah Wilderness; Dave Brower/Muir's Disciple by Bill Devall; Ned Ludd/Tree Spiking & No Evidence; Mama Rue on Enlightenment; 1984 Road Show; Photos of Daintree Buried Protestors.

BELTANE May 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. V) Cabinet Mts Grizzlies & Mining; Forest Service Appeals Form; Wolke on the Role of EF!; EF! Owyhee Wilderness Proposal(Idaho, Oregon & Nevada); Angel Dusting Grizzlies; Middle Santiam; Colorado Recreation Dollars; EF! Arizona Wilderness Proposal; Arctic Wildlife Refuge Violated; Bolt Weevils; Devall on the Australian Environmental Movement; Ned Ludd/Survey Stakes & Disabling Vehicles; Deep Ecology & Reproduction; Save the Tuolumne Rally.

LITHA June 20, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. VI) Middle Santiam Blockade; Chim Blea on the Big Outside; Cabinet Mts & Grizzly; Coors in Shenandoah; Saguaro National Monument Mine; Murder on Key Largo; Burger King Demonstrations; Daintree Rainforest; Ned Ludd/Rising & Falling Birds; EF! Protests Canyonlands Nuke Dump; *Sterile Forest* Review; Basic Principles of Deep Ecology; Sinkyone Continues.

LUGHNASADH Aug. 1, 1984 (Vol. IV, No. VII) Middle Santiam Blockade; EF! Occupies Montana Senator's Office; North American Bioregional Congress; Round River Rendezvous; Montana on Civil Disobedience; Petroleum Conflicts with Wilderness Analyzed; Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Forest Service Part 1 by Bobcat; Sacred Cows; Foreman on Professionalism; Hunting Wild Life; Devall and Sessions on the Books of Deep Ecology.

SAMHAIN Nov. 1, 1984 (Vol. V, No. I) EF! Occupies Regional Forester's Office (Oregon); Hardesty Avengers Spike Trees; Old Growth Rally; "What Do You Expect To Accomplish?"; Cop Raid on Bald Mt; Your Taxes Destroy Rainforest; Down (With) The Amazon; Green Politics; Elfbusters; Roxby Downs in Australia; Wilderness — the Global Connection; Ned Ludd/Water & Machines; Forest Service Appeal Form; Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The Forest Service Part 2 by Bobcat; Direct Action by Devall & Sessions; Gary Snyder: Song of the Taste; Beyond Sacred Cows; Stiles in Defense of Dogs.

YULE Dec. 21, 1984 (Vol. V, No. II) Texas Wilderness Logged; 30,000 Miles of Road in RARE II Areas; Bridger-Teton Forest Supervisor; Alaska: Kadashan, Denali, & Johnny Sagebrush; Middle Santiam Trials; Japan Grizzly; German Nuke Dump; Chipko; Solomon Islands Rainforest; Daintree Rainforest Buried Protest; Environmental Professionalism Discussion; 1984: Wilderness Boom or Bust?; A National Range Service; Non-Game; Devall on Whither Environmentalism?; Cecelia Ostrow on Deep Ecology; Hardesty Mt Tree Spiking; Ed Abbey on *Ecodefense*.

BRIGID Feb. 2, 1985 (Vol. V, No. III) Meares Island; Military Land Grab in West (Supersonic Overflights); Mission Symposium; FS Employment Tyranny; National Park Mining; Florida Panther; Shooting Wolves from Air; Cathedral Forest Petition; North Kalmiopsis; Criticizing the Environmental Movement; End of the Yellowstone Grizzly?; In Defense of Western Civilization; Stop Planting Trout; Ned Ludd/Bigfoot.

EOSTAR March 20, 1985 (Vol. V, No. IV) Rocky Mountain Gas Drilling; EF! Gives DOE Nuke Waste; Montana Wilderness Demos; Yellowstone Grizzly Management; Texas Demo; Rainforest Report; Swedish River; Wayne NF; Southern Utah; King Range; Arctic NWR Desecrated; Joseph Canyon; John Day Mining; Great Exchange; Acid Rain; In Defense of Humor; Wolke on Hunting; Nagasaki on Symbols & Lifestyles; Biocentrism of Western Civilization; Ned Ludd/Advanced Billboarding.

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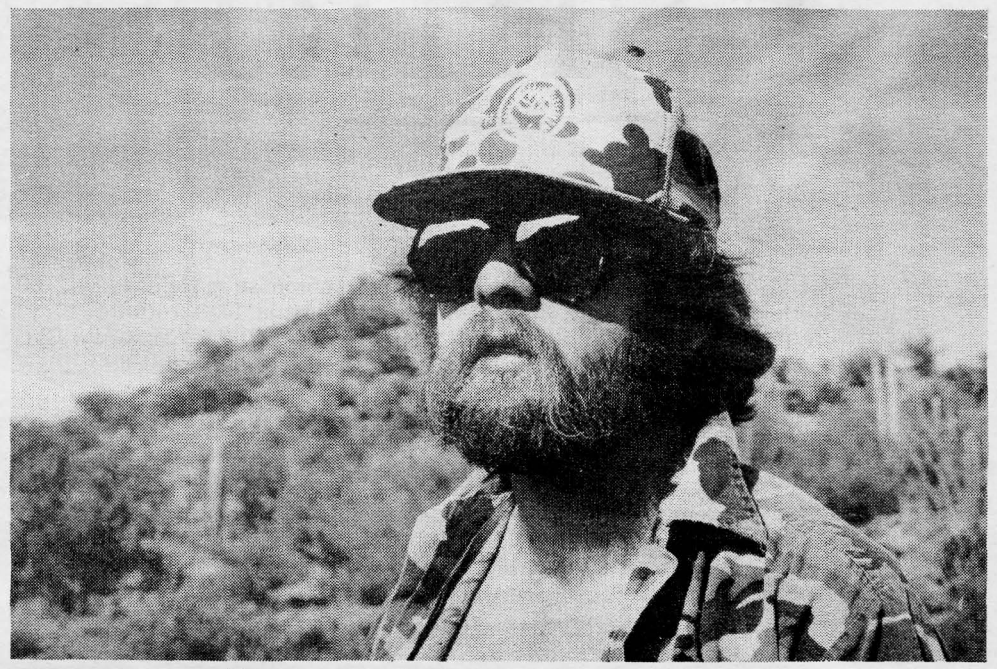

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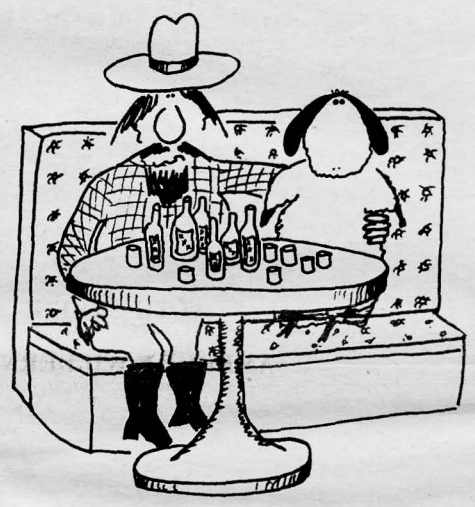
GREG KEELER

Songs of fishing, sheep and guns in Montana



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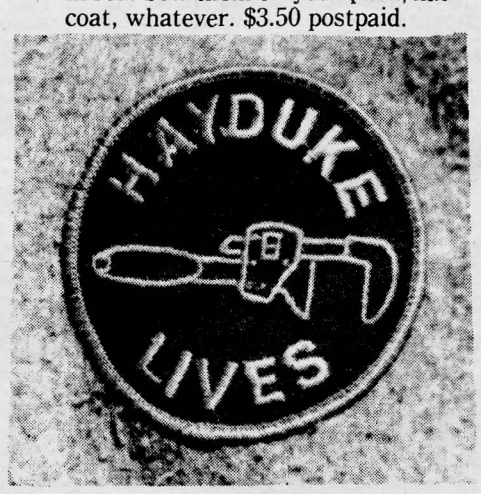

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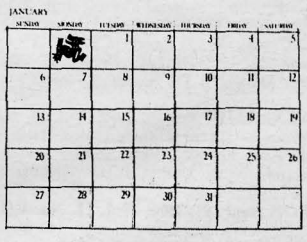

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Green EF! fist with the words "EARTH FIRST! No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth" in green on 3 inch diameter white vinyl. 4 for $1 postpaid.

SILENT AGITATORS

Fun to stick anywhere - bar, bathrooms, Freddie offices, trail registers, dead bulldozers, anywhere.

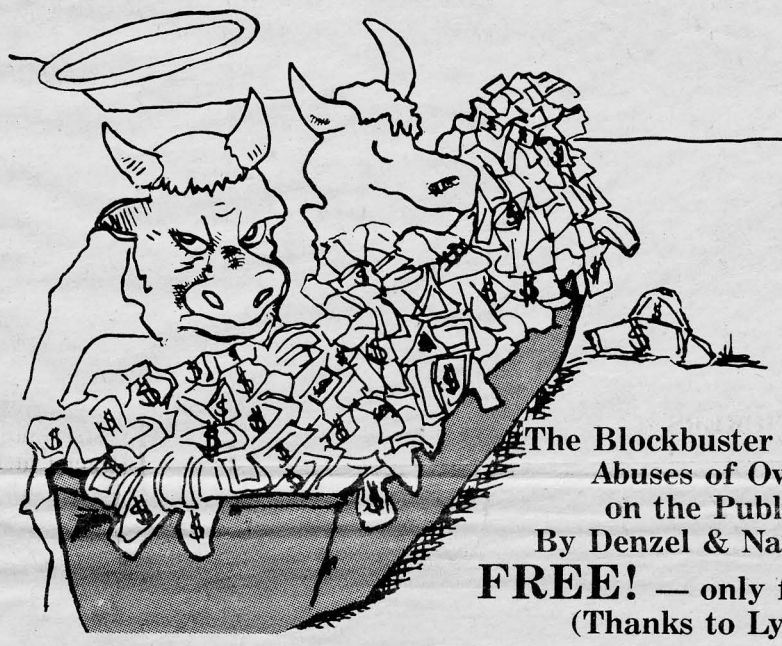
COORS - Spread the word on these land rapers. Green words on white stickers.
Coors is Anti-Earth
Coors is Anti-Women
Coors is Anti-Labor
AND IT TASTES AWFUL!
BOYCOTT COORS

EARTH FIRST! FISTS
Green EF! fist logo with words "EARTH FIRST! No compromise in Defense of Mother Earth" in red ink. 1⅝ inch diameter. 30 for $1.25 postpaid.

EARTH FIRST! TOOLS
The Monkeywrench and Warclub crossed in brown, the words "Earth First!" in green. 1⅝ inch diameter. 30 for $1.25 postpaid.

BOOKS

SACRED COWS AT THE PUBLIC TROUGH



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What do Wallace Stegner, Edward Hoagland, Jim Harrison, Thomas McGuane, and James Dickey have in common with Larry McMurtry? They all agree that Abbey is "the Thoreau of the American West."

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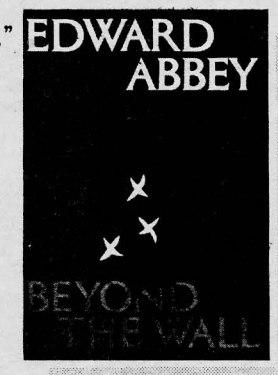

Signed by Edward Abbey
All proceeds to Earth First!

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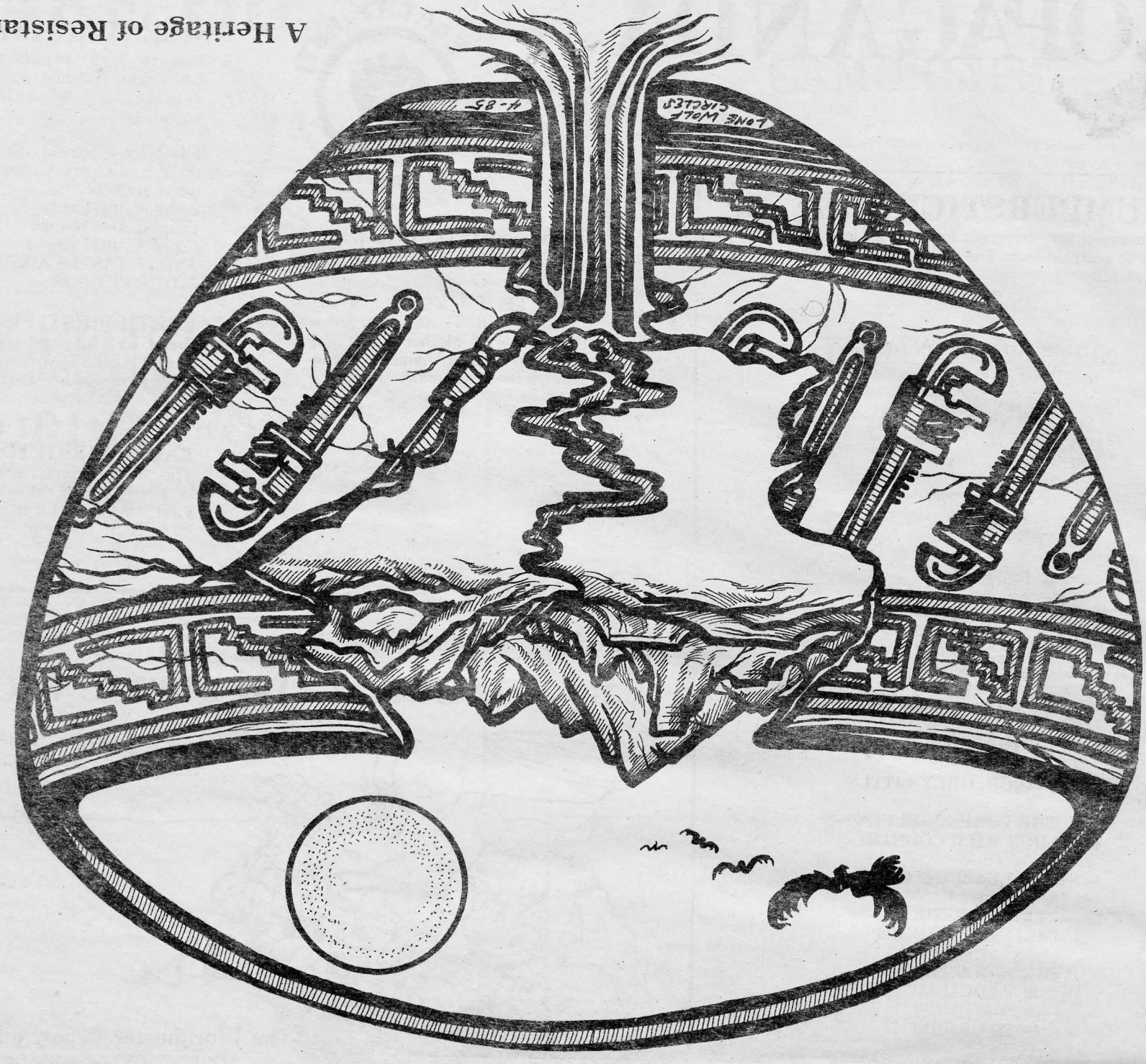

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